



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

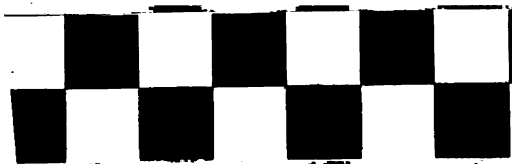
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RES



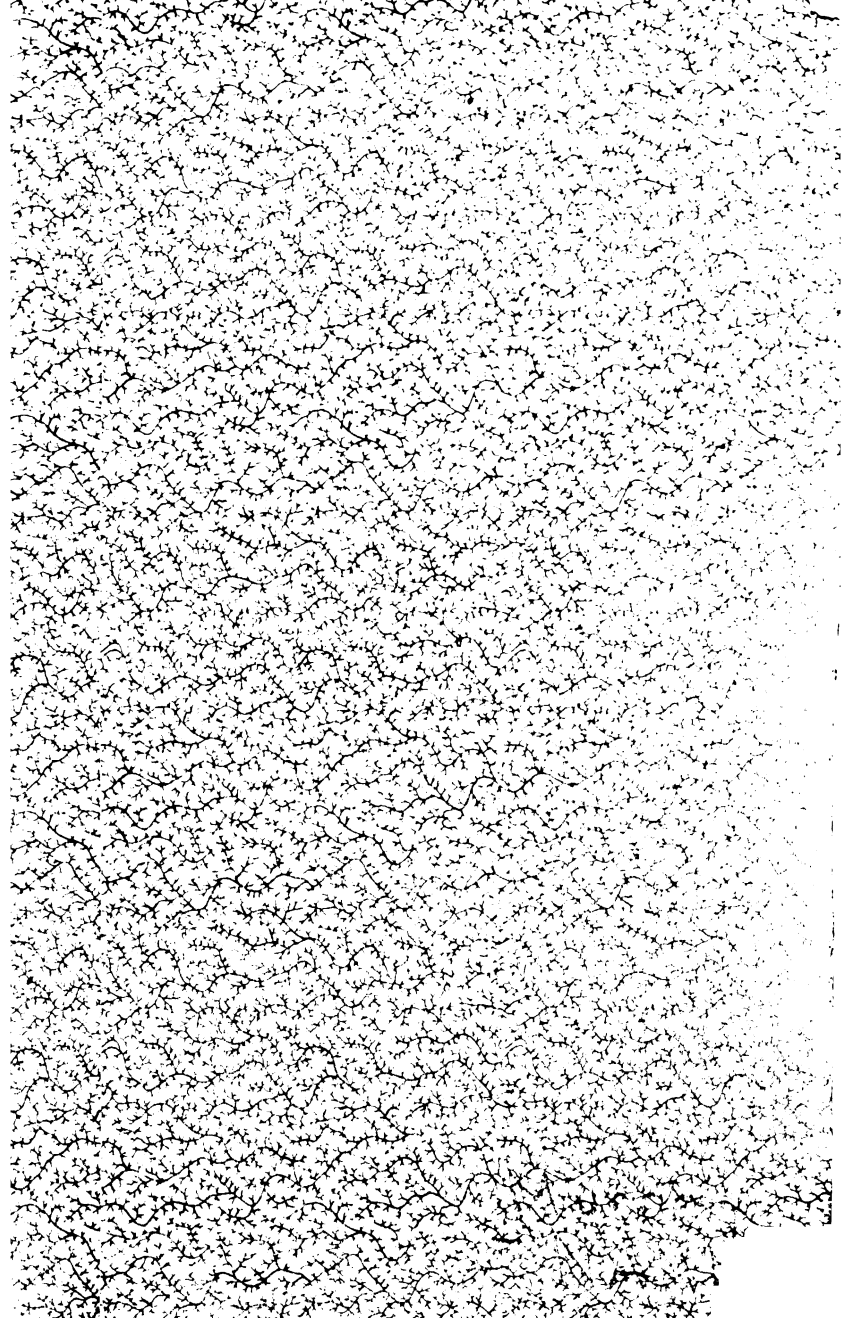
3 3433

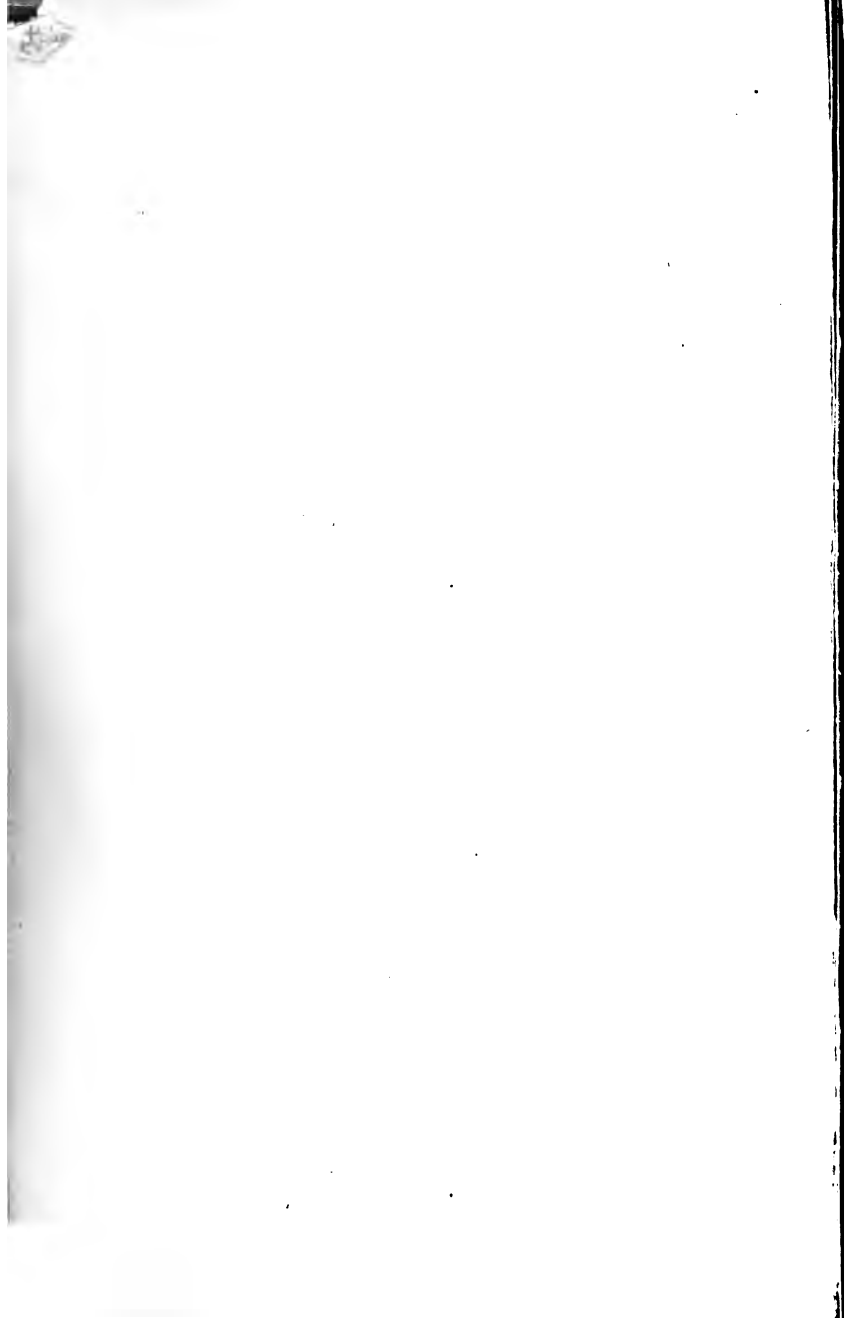




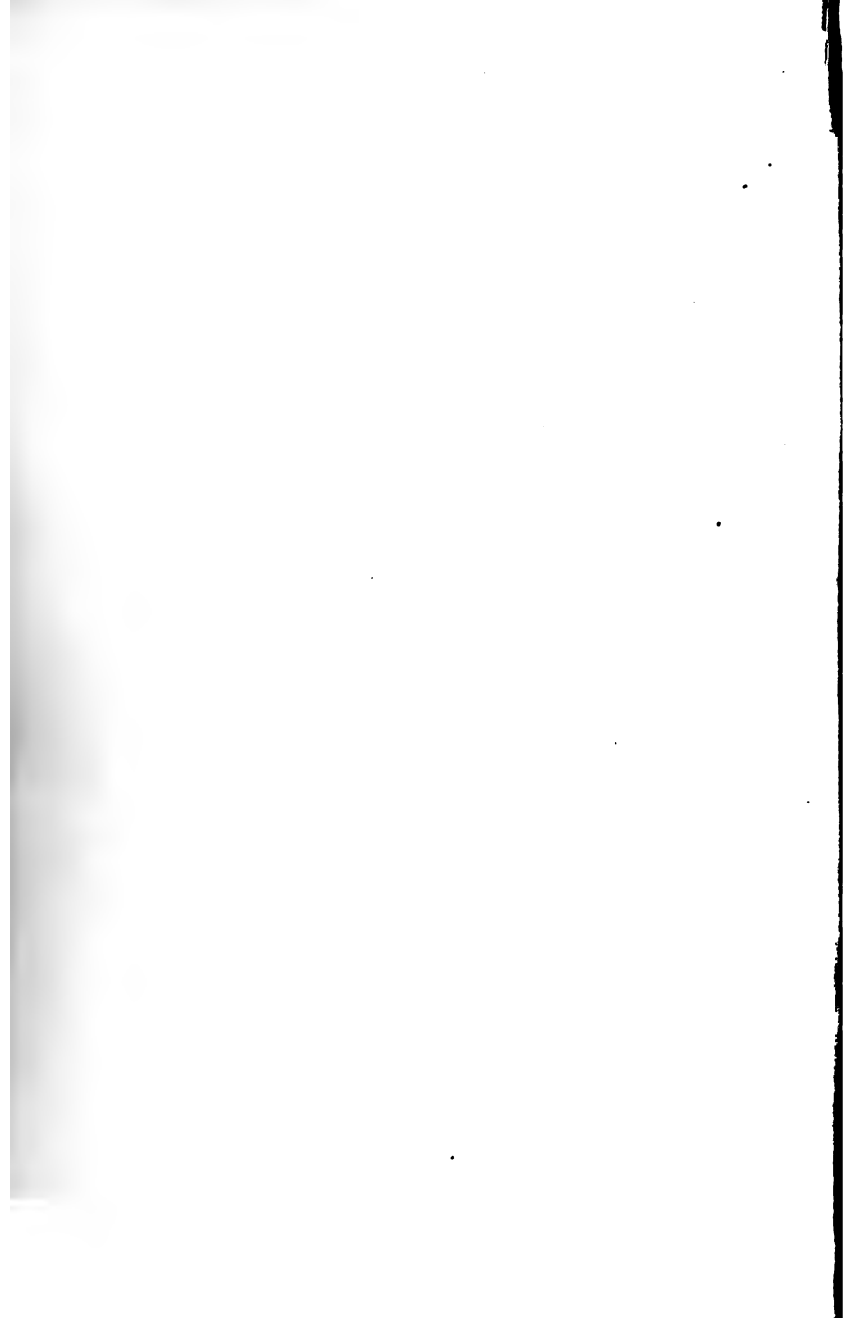
3 3433 06660474 9













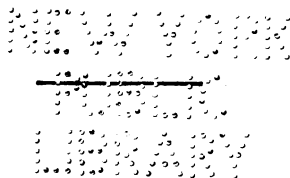
ELOCUTION  
FOR  
ADVANCED PUPILS  
A PRACTICAL TREATISE

BY

JOHN MURRAY,  
Professor of Elocution, etc.

"Elocution. The power of expression by words; expression of thought  
by speech. [*Rare.*]"

*Webster.*



NEW YORK & LONDON  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
The Knickerbocker Press

1888 W



-26346.

COPYRIGHT BY  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
1887

W. W. W. W.  
1887  
W. W. W. W.

Press of  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
New York

DEDICATION WAS INTENDED TO THE  
SCHOLARLY CRITIC WHO AT ONE TIME FILLED, AND FOR EIGHT  
YEARS, THE CHAIR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVER-  
SITY OF CALIFORNIA. PERMISSION WAS ASKED AND  
GIVEN, BUT NOW THE WRITER OF THIS LITTLE  
BOOK IS COMPELLED, WITH SADDENED  
FEELINGS, TO INSCRIBE IT TO THE  
MEMORY OF  
EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

ROY W. M.  
J. L. M.  
V. A. M.

## PREFACE.

---

IN the opening chapter of this book there are a few observations which have already appeared in print. They are reproduced because their possible value may be increased by connection with these hints; and the whole is submitted as a novel treatment of the subject of elocution, and one that is specially designed for mechanically good but inartistic readers.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.



## CONTENTS.

---

Chap. I.—The meaning of elocution : mischief resulting from differing interpretations of the word : text-books too full of inflexible rules, and thereby sacrificing individuality.

---

Chap. II.—Vocal culture : instruction in singing lessons by the Italian method, recommended in place of the usual tedious elocutionary exercises.

---

Chap. III.—The Parenthesis : ignorance of its meaning and scope a fruitful cause of monotony.

---

Chap. IV.—Certain forms of monotony : showing how the pupil may display a vast deal of modulation, and still have a pet monotony of his own.

---

Chap. V.—Punctuation : the difficulties which mechanically correct but inartistic readers experience from the complications caused by the various methods of punctuation : necessity of making the rhetorical punctuation override the grammatical.

---

Chap. VI.—Accent. Emphasis. The great value of the Circumflex, as illustrated by passages from Shakespeare. A study of Portia in the trial scene of the Merchant of Venice.

---

Chap. VII.—How to read poetry.

Chap. VIII.—Application of the various hints, and summary of the principles. Selections from *Thanatopsis*. Whittier's *Barclay of Ury*. Browning's *Hervé Riel*.

---

Chap. IX.—Suggestions of harmony in the English Language, with remarks upon American nasality.

---

Chap. X.—Commencement Oratory.

---

Chap. XI.—Application of these hints to a selection from Dr. Arnold's plea for a classical education: also to Austin Dobson's "Before the Curtain," and Mrs. Browning's "The Forced Recruit."

---

Chap. XII.—Concluding Remarks; and a reminiscence of Mrs. Kemble's reading of *Julius Cæsar* in the city of Rome.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE MEANING OF THE WORD ELOCUTION.

TO make proper use of words and phrases we must know their history;—their derivation and scope. All reasoning and argument go for nothing unless there is a clear mutual understanding with regard to these points.

I know of no word in the English Language that has been so misunderstood, and the misunderstanding of which has worked such mischief, as the word Elocution.

The dictionaries give a series of meanings, and then polite usage steps in very impolitely, and sets everybody adrift with its own interpretation. We do not care so much about etymology, if usage were always right; but in this particular case the result is a most injurious belief that elocution has to deal with public speech only; that it has no bearing upon colloquial intercourse.

I will quote from Webster, who does not differ essentially from other lexicographers as to the word in question. "Elocution, Lat. *elocutio*, from

eloqui, to speak out, express, declare; from e out, and loqui, to speak."

The first meaning he gives, and he properly calls it "rare," is, "The power of expression by words; expression of thought by speech."

It is to be regretted that he must call it "rare," for this really complete meaning of the word is seldom thought of.

2d. "The mode of utterance or delivery, accompanied with gesture, of anything spoken, especially of a public or elaborate discourse or argument."

To say nothing of the fact that a man can indulge in modes of utterance without gesture, usage has changed the word "especially" to "invariably,"—as regards public discourse.

3d. "Power of expression or diction in written discourse; suitable and impressive writing or style; eloquence."

Certainly congratulations are now in order because this third meaning is pronounced "obsolete." The word has properly nothing to do with written discourse; and let me hint, also, that one can have a good elocution and be far from eloquent.

The word Rhetoric, from the Greek, might have given us more trouble than fortunately it has done.

Locke, following ancient application, called it "The science of oratory"; but usage has settled

that it is the art of elegant and accurate composition in prose—written or spoken.

It must be borne in mind that when the Rhetor, or public speaker, flourished, everybody spoke and few wrote.

In one of the Spectator's delightful papers the writer says, "We learn that women are possessed of some springs of Rhetoric which men want, such as tears, fainting fits and the like, which I have seen employed upon occasion with good success." Polite usage has never dared to disturb those springs, at least, but it has muddled the waters of common sense so thoroughly that the boys and girls of this age are convinced that elocution has nothing whatever to do with every day speech, but only with that of the platform. To be elocutionary they must step out of themselves, forsooth; they must declaim after a foreign pattern; they must imitate a fancied superior model; they must sink their own individuality.

It would be well if the word Elocution could be blotted from the dictionaries. Not but that it is the proper word, but because it is so persistently misunderstood. And if the art of utterance were a current phrase instead of the art of elocution, we should come to a better understanding. There is warrant for such a change in the Bible, in

Milton and in other classics. However, we shall understand each other if we agree that the word elocution means vocal delivery, or, if you please, nothing more or less than *speech*. Then, perhaps, we may further agree that he who has learned to speak well in private, by just so much is prepared to speak well in public; that he who is a good orator is all the more capable of talking properly to his fellows in every-day life; that success in both these lines will help him in another direction, namely, to read aloud satisfactorily; that improvement in one branch implies improvement in another; that neglect of either is, in some sort, neglect of all.

He is a good elocutionist, then, who has correct delivery upon every possible occasion;—be it in the ordinary conversation with his fellows or in the oration to a multitude. And here it may be proper to say, and with a good deal of significance, that at one period of English history it was a common thing to speak of a man's every-day speech as his elocution.

If there is any one branch of the art more deserving of cultivation than another it is colloquial speech; because only the few, by comparison, are called upon to address the public. The most important lessons are the earliest,—falling from the mother's lips. Blessed be the Kindergarten that may follow!

The branch next in importance, and far more essential than what pertains to public speech, is that of reading aloud. Again the pupil may be drifting in a sea of misapprehension about the phrase "reading naturally." Having been told that in order to read properly he need but read naturally, he jumps to the conclusion that art is unnecessary, and study sure to result in artificiality. Certainly it is not natural for a person to read aloud the thoughts of another as if they were his own. Therefore there must be persistent study of an art which partakes somewhat of the art of the actor. Indeed, he only is a natural reader, as the adjective is thus applied, who has become such a master of the art as to hide it effectually from the listener. When Shakespeare tells us to "hold the mirror up to nature," he accompanies the direction with certain instructions; and if we do not hold it properly the scorn of the teacher has no stint. Among these instructions, far-reaching but few in number, mark this:—"Let your own discretion be your tutor."

If this is to be our tutor, there is small need, very small indeed, for teachers of elocution to drill us with multitudinous and inflexible rules. The rules are to be made by ourselves,—all but the most elementary,—and in framing them, we should be keen to observe the faults of others, the more read-

ily to detect our own ; and we should be constantly taking valuable hints from every sort of public speaker or reader who stands high in general estimation. Indeed no pupil attains to excellence who does not rapidly cut loose from the teacher, and assert his own individuality. The teacher's office is to *suggest* and *inspire* ; not to create a mob of imitators.

I have classed reading aloud as a branch of the art second in importance. Surely this is no trivial accomplishment if it brings us into closer companionship with the wit and the wisdom and the poetry of our literature. Those intellectual creations which we never tire of beholding in the cold and formal type are made still more familiar, and their creators appear like living, breathing, speaking friends, through the sympathetic modulations of the cultivated voice.

Even Shakespeare himself may be clearer in his teachings at the fire-side of home than he is ever allowed to be in the dramatic temple. The stage is a perpetual disappointment because the principal characters only are properly cast. We are permitted to gaze upon Hamlet, but when do we see Marcellus and Bernardo ? We have Rosalinds by the score, but never a single Phebe. Shylock, Portia, Bassanio, Gratiano and Antonio must be satis-

factorily portrayed, for the main plot requires it ; but as Shakespeare had a way, occasionally, of putting his choicest expressions into the mouths of subordinate characters, we are justly annoyed if the part of Lorenzo is given to a vulgar and illiterate actor. In that charming love-scene what does Lorenzo say to Jessica, as he talks of the harmony of the spheres?

“Such harmony is in immortal souls:—

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”

The stage has another difficulty to grapple with. Suppose the play to be Hamlet. Imagination receives a shock if we are asked to see the ghost, as well as hear it. “The majesty of buried Denmark” tricked out by the theatre is hardly capable of “distilling the observer with any other sensation than that of the ludicrous.” And Prospero’s Ariel! a spirit “too delicate to act the earthly and abhorred commands of Sycorax,” but powerful enough to destroy the vessels, disperse the royal freight, restore the senses of those he had first made mad, and in the end to reconstruct the ship “as tight and yare as when it first put out to sea,” shall this “fine apparition” be embodied?

And so I contend that even Shakespeare may be

better understood and more thoroughly enjoyed in the domestic circle, or in the intelligent studious group of friends, than he can ever be upon the stage;—certainly under its present conditions. But in essaying this highest form of reading, the dramatic, previous cultivation of the vocal powers is all the more necessary to obtain absolute control of modulation; without which the finest intellectual perception of Shakespeare's meaning must fail of due expression.

If dramatic readers are "natural," it must be from intense study of so much of the art of elocution as lies within their power; and the study should be a process of individual development, for which they themselves must be responsible.

I cannot but think that there are fewer good readers in the domestic circle now-a-days than was the case but fifty years ago. A multiplicity of studies has crowded this one out. Ignorant and sensational teachers are in part to blame. The positiveness of elocutionary text-books, allowing no play to individuality, is another detriment. The cumbrous machinery has produced mechanical readers. For all the chapter after chapter upon Stress, radical, medium, vanishing and compound; for all the inculcation of the Orotund, effusive and explosive; for all the distinction of Slides, third, fourth, fifth



and octave ; for all this and other analysis, however correct as analysis, the stubborn fact remains that our boys and girls do not read as well as their fathers and mothers did.

Nor do I make these statements without good authority. Lindley Murray, the grammarian, who compiled a once popular series, called *The Introduction, The English Reader, and the Sequel*, said in words nearly such as follow, "To give good rules for the management of the voice in reading, by which all the necessary pauses, emphasis and tones may be put in practice, is not possible." The rhetoricians Blair and Whately declare that "accumulations of rules are unprofitable and delusive;" and "that the cases wherein the rules hold good are often less numerous than the exceptions."

A little reading between the lines shows us that these writers are not condemning rule, but only the forcing of an accumulation of rules upon all persons alike. Teachers of Elocution and their text-books may be too absolute. It seems to me that no two persons should be compelled to read the simplest sentence in precisely the same manner. Take, for example, the opening lines of Hamlet's address,—  
"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-

crier spoke my lines," and try how many variations of tone and pause and emphasis and time can be used *without altering the unmistakable sense*. These variations are subject to the reader's idiosyncrasy, to his interpretation of the character of Hamlet, to his view of the condition of Hamlet in that particular scene; and to numberless other conditions belonging to the time and place of delivery,—such as the size and character of the reader's audience, and the very shape and dimensions of the room. If my reasoning is good, every individual, to attain excellence, must discover for himself most of the rules which should govern him. The simplest rudimentary instruction only is to be enforced by another; and so it is that in this little book I lay down no rules, but only hints,—to be taken wholly or in part, or to be rejected entirely, as the reader may decide.

Let us glance at the meanings of certain words which belong more or less to the subject;—meanings so contradictory as to create misunderstanding of the subject itself. Declamation is public speaking; but sometimes the word means pretentious display. Pronunciation once signified the enunciation of a discourse; now it usually refers to the correct or incorrect utterance of the words. The Grecian orator insisted upon "action" first and last. By action we understand gesture, but undoubtedly he meant gest

ure and speech combined and perfected. At certain periods elocution and eloquence were synonymous terms;—now they are absolutely distinct. By the teachings of Aristotle and Quintilian rhetoric was the theory of oratory; in this age of print, rhetoric bears as much relation to written composition as to spoken. The most valued ancient systems construed elocution as having reference to the writer and not to the speaker,—to the written composition and not to its delivery. Such an application is now unknown.

If the broad meaning of elocution advanced in these pages can be sustained, two advantages may be gained: a more general and thorough cultivation of our native accents, and a decrease of artificiality in public discourse.

## CHAPTER II.

### VOCAL CULTURE.

FOR the development of the voice and improvement in articulation, Dr. Rush's admirable philosophy has been drawn upon so liberally and diffusely by compilers of elocutionary text-books that these works are filled with interminable lists of vowel and consonant sounds and difficult syllabic combinations. Thus the pupil is bored beyond expression, and acquires a reasonable prejudice against the study *in toto*. I submit boldly, but with all deference to the opinion of others who have taught elocution earnestly and conscientiously, that this training can be far more effectively provided by lessons in vocal music.

There is no better way of overcoming constitutional or acquired defects of articulation, for producing a sonorous clear tone, and for acquiring a correct habit of breathing, than a course of singing-lessons;—provided these lessons are taught by the Italian method. The whole musical world concedes that this is the proper school. The voices whi

it builds up seem to weaken only with the decay of all the faculties. Even the tenor, whose organs are the most delicate, sings with the freshness nearly of youth when he is feeble from advancing age. On the operatic stage Rubini was a notable example, Mario another, Salvi, too (whose Edgardo is to be remembered just as powerful and sweet in his sixtieth year as in his youth), and later still, Brignoli. All this, not merely because these singers were born with exceptional gifts, but because the Italians have discovered how to produce the chest-tones, as they are called, and without taxing the throat unnecessarily.

All public speakers would benefit by a partial training of this character. "Clergyman's sore throat" would disappear under the treatment. Every advantage claimed by the compilers of elocutionary text-books in the way of strengthening and improving the voice is ensured by the Italian method of singing,—if it can be ensured at all.

However complete the apparatus of the gymnasium connected with a college, the gymnasium is never a favorite resort with the many; but wherever you see calisthenics aided by music you see hearty and wholesome enjoyment. For the same reason, singing lessons substituted for vocal culture (the term used for voice-development in elocution-

ary lessons) would answer all ordinary purposes, and be an agreeable and enticing exercise. Such an exercise may not be carried any further than to suit the individual case, and simply to serve in the place of the mechanical and monotonous systems in vogue ;—systems which the girls declare “horrid,” the boys detest, and all of them laugh at, and sneer at, and avoid if possible.

How can you get more difficult syllabic combinations together than are embraced in the ordinary English ballad? A correct singing method will overcome those difficulties. To master pronunciation in singing is a far more difficult feat than to master it in speaking, and the former more than includes the latter.

I need not urge the importance of such vocal lessons being taken early in life when the organs are pliable.

Does not the kindergarten system, with its songs and gestures, its harmonious development of mind and body, and its underlying principle of *work always enjoyment*, hint at the advisability of the change I am advocating?

It may be urged that we are not all of us born with so-called musical ears ; or that we do not all of us wish to be taught to sing. The reply is that these lessons need not extend any further than

suited to the individual case, and they are simply, then, a substitute for the common elocutionary practice. Also, if the musical ear does not exist, it is merely a misfortune; and no marked success as a reader or speaker can be expected, where nature has been thus sparing; and in such cases there can be no adequate response to the rhythmical utterances of poetry. But this misfortune is not really so common as may be thought. A faculty may exist undeveloped. When Elia tells us in these words, "I have no ear. I have been practicing 'God save the King' all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it," besides the quiet laugh which we suspect him of raising at his own expense, we will take him at his word, and still believe in an undeveloped faculty, for "water parted from the sea" could not be more musical than the periods of gentle Charles.

This chapter may be unnecessary for advanced pupils who, it is presumed, have gone through certain ordeals of voice-culture. It may be too late for the successful training of such by singing lessons, which should be undertaken at an early age. Indeed, when, how, and where this whole matter is to be properly recognized in educational systems constitutes an unanswered problem. Like the appari-

tion, too, it will not down. The first teacher is the mother; and as the child grows it takes the speech of the household,—for good or for bad. Here is indicated a responsibility that parents cannot shirk.

At some subsequent ~~but~~ still primary period, when the vocal organs have the pliability of youth, a certain amount of instruction in song (by the Italian method) should find its place, so that development of the voice will be thoroughly and pleasingly attained. The best teachers, of all nationalities, use this method. The poor ones not only mislead the pupil, but maltreat the voice.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE PARENTHESIS.

It seems to me that readers may be tolerably correct, mechanically so, but yet far from artistic or natural (as the word goes) by not observing closely the nature and bearing of the Parenthesis.

The Imperial Dictionary tells us that the word "Parenthesis comes from the Greek Para, beside, and entithemi, to insert. An explanatory or qualifying sentence, inserted into the midst of another sentence, without being grammatically connected with it. It is generally marked by upright curves ( ) but frequently by dashes — — and even by commas."

This seems to be a sufficiently clear explanation of the wide-reaching subject hemmed in so diversely; and there never has been any difficulty in showing a pupil that in the reading of what is contained in a parenthesis proper (or one marked by curves rather than in any other way) the voice should generally be lowered in pitch;—because the matter therein contained is something outside of the main

statement ;—not grammatically connected with it. But it so happens that this parenthesis proper, once so common, is now seldom used ; and therefore the eye of the reader loses its reminder of the proper change of pitch. The consequence is a vast deal of monotony. Writers assert that the parenthesis weakens their statements, by interrupting their flow ; but as Charles Lamb was very fond of this sort of side-issue we may be permitted to doubt the correctness of their conclusion, begging leave to remark (very parenthetically of course) that a single parenthesis of Lamb is often worth many chapters of other essayists. You may say, if the parenthesis is abolished, why lower the pitch ? because *parenthetical expressions* occur in almost every lengthy sentence, and these demand, also, this variation of tone. In colloquial intercourse we observe such variation, and to be “natural” we must do so in reading aloud.

Again,—hardly a sentence can be framed which does not contain *explanatory* clauses ; and the very word *explanatory* suggests a change of tone, and generally more or less lowering of the pitch.

In the following extracts from Lamb’s essay “A bachelor’s complaint of the behavior of married people,” I will present in small type such parts sentences as seem to me to require, from their par

thetical nature, this lowered pitch ; at the same time conscious that the principle only is obligatory, and that, upon occasion, I might properly place some of this small type elsewhere. Increased familiarity with a subject may suggest changes in my reading. The pupil should have the same privilege. This change of type is to make him grasp the principle only, and form a correct habit.

“ Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple ;— in that of the lady particularly : it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world : that you can have no hopes of her. It is true I have none ; nor wishes either, perhaps ; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

“ Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband’s confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow, but an oddity, is one of the ways ; they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose ; till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist,—a fellow

well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, ‘I thought, my dear, you described your friend as a great wit?’ If on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, ‘This, my dear, is your good Mr. ———!’

“One good lady, whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband’s old friend, had the candor to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. ——— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sigl

of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like-looking man (I use her very words), the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance." Using an emphatic circumflex intonation for the word "martial," and making a slight pause after the word "character," seem to suggest a decided lowering of the pitch on the words "in his air or countenance."

For the same illustration of what parenthetical expressions call for, let me distribute small type in the following extract from Washington Irving's "History of New York." The venerable Diedrich says, "Professor Von Poddingcoft (or Puddinghead, as the name may be rendered into English) was long celebrated in the University of Leyden, for profound gravity of deportment, and a talent for

going to sleep in the midst of examinations; to the infinite relief of his hopeful students, who thereby worked their way through college with great ease and little study. In the course of one of his lectures, the learned professor, seizing a bucket of water, swung it around his head at arm's length. The impulse with which he threw the vessel from him being a centrifugal force, the retention of his arm operated as a centripetal power; and the bucket, which was a substitute for the earth, described a circular orbit round about the globular head and ruby visage of Professor Von Poddingscoft, which formed no bad representation of the sun.

"All these particulars were duly explained to the class of gapping students around him. He apprised them, moreover, that the same principle of gravitation, which retained the water in the bucket, restrains the ocean from flying from the earth in its rapid revolutions; and he further informed them that should the motion of the earth be suddenly checked, it would incontinently fall into the sun, through the centripetal force of gravitation; a most ruinous event to this planet, and one which would also obscure, though it most probably would not extinguish the solar luminary. An unlucky stripling, one of those vagrant geniuses, who seem sent into the world merely to annoy worthy men of the puddinghead order, desirous of ascertaining the correctness of the experiment, suddenly arrested

the arm of the professor, just at the moment that the bucket was at its zenith, which immediately descended with astonishing precision upon the philosophic head of the instructor of youth. A hollow sound, and a red-hot hiss attested the contact; but the theory was in the amplest manner illustrated, for the unfortunate bucket perished in the conflict; but the blazing countenance of Professor Von Poddingcoft emerged from amidst the waters, glowing fiercer than ever with unutterable indignation; whereby the students were marvellously edified, and departed considerably wiser than before."

To illustrate the same lowering of pitch for parenthetical considerations, let me use small type in portions of the opening of Cowper's Task.

"I sing the sofa. I, who lately sang  
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touched with awe,  
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,  
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,  
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;  
The theme though humble, yet august and proud  
The occasion—for the Fair commands the song."

Place the emphasis and circumflex on the word "Fair," with a slight pause afterwards, and how naturally the voice falls deeper yet on "commands the song."

Treating Longfellow's opening verses of the

“Footsteps of the Angels,” in the same way :

“When the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered  
To a holy calm delight,

---

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlor wall

---

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door,—  
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.”

---

Illustrations of this propriety of lowering the pitch in parenthetical cases can be drawn from every conceivable variety of prose or poetry. Let me offer one more example which is taken from “The Nation” of April 29, 1886, and it is not submitted merely for the sound views expressed, but because it is an illustration of the point I wish to make. Let me remark, again, that my indications are not compulsory. I would alter them for myself upon occasion ; and I can readily conceive that another reader might not lower the pitch in



precisely the same places that are marked. All this is a matter of taste ; but nevertheless the habit should be acquired, so that it can assert itself even in reading at sight.

“The movement to make eight hours a day's labor is just now very active—indeed, there has been talk of concerted action among the Knights of Labor for its enforcement on the first of May. There is an idea among some of the men—very few, we suspect—that as much work would be done in eight hours as in ten. What animates the bulk of the eight-hour advocates is the belief that while less work would be done in eight hours than in ten, the pay would remain the same, and employment would be furnished to large numbers who now have nothing to do. We see no objection in the world to the experiment being tried, if it be tried on the American basis of individual liberty—that is, if individual choice be allowed to determine in every case whether a man shall work eight hours or ten, and the employer be allowed to choose between the eight-hour men and the ten-hour men. To make it work satisfactorily, however, each man ought to be paid by the hour, and then both classes could work in the same factory or shop. But the important question for the public is *how* the experiment is to be tried. If it is to be carried out on the compulsory principle—that is, if the eight-

hour men are all to provide themselves, like savages, with stones, bricks, clubs, and knives with which to kill or maim the ten-hour men, and if people who employ ten-hour men are to be boycotted and their premises infested by hooting, howling mobs, and their machinery damaged, and their butchers and bakers warned off—then the American people will make short work of it somehow.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### CERTAIN FORMS OF MONOTONY.

THERE may be mechanically good but inartistic readers because of ignorance or thoughtlessness in regard to the important subject of Monotony.

A pupil may suppose that the mere derivation of the word conveys instruction enough to him. He learns from the Greek tongue that the one-tone, or sameness of delivery, is what is meant, and he considers that he has had quite enough of monotony from speakers and readers to deem it sufficient warning for himself. True,—to a certain extent. But the pupil can display a vast deal of modulation and still have a pet monotony of his own. It may consist in the invariable beginning of every sentence on the same pitch (so common, this!), or it may show itself only by ending every sentence with the same invariable fall of the voice. It may be revealed by the opening of every sentence on a high pitch and with much power, and then allowing the voice to fall gradually and to weaken so much that at the close it is almost inaudible.

(Logically, it would be as proper to begin the sentence with a whisper and end it with a shout !)

A strange monotony this, but (somewhat modified,) by no means rare.

I know of no more common monotony, and one that, singularly enough, may exist where there is no other fault, than this of beginning each successive sentence on the same pitch, and that generally a high one.

How does the error arise? Possibly because with every such occasion we inhale anew and take a fresh and vigorous start, and, as it would seem, an irrepressible one. However that may be, we have entire control in colloquial intercourse ;—we do not talk so.

It seems to me that, in the whole course of my teaching, I never gave a more valuable hint to pupils than this, which I would like the printer to put in the largest type available.

IN READING ALOUD, FORM THE HABIT OF OCCASIONALLY OPENING A SENTENCE ON A LOW PITCH.

From Collier's "History of English Literature," I copy the following extract, by way of illustration. Let the pupil read it aloud, with all the proper expression, shown by modulation and emphasis, that

he can command, but still beginning every fresh sentence on the same pitch, and he will recognize what may possibly be his pet monotony,—never before discovered by him, but tolerably apparent to his hearers.

“As a writer, Wycliffe’s great merit lies in his having given to England the first English version of the whole Bible. There were already existing a few English fragments, such as many of the Psalms, certain portions of Mark and Luke, and some of the Epistles. But to the mass of the people the Bible was a sealed book, locked up in a dead and foreign tongue. Wycliffe soon saw the incalculable value of an English Bible in the work of the English Reformation, and set himself to the noble task of giving a boon so precious to his native land. No doubt he sought the aid of other pens, but to what extent we cannot now determine. The greater part of the work—perhaps the whole—was done during those quiet years at Lutterworth, between 1381 and his death. It is nearly certain that he saw the work finished before he died. A complete edition of Wycliffe’s Bible, in five volumes, was issued in 1850 from the Oxford press.”

Now let the pupil read this selection with all due expression but beginning, as he may not have done hitherto, certain sentences on a low pitch instead of

the usual high one. These sentences will be indicated by the first word having no capital letter : as thus, "As a writer, Wycliffe's great merit lies in his having given to England the first English version of the whole Bible. there were already existing a few English fragments, such as many of the Psalms, certain portions of Mark and Luke, and some of the Epistles. But to the mass of the people the Bible was a sealed book, locked up in a dead and foreign tongue. Wycliffe soon saw the incalculable value of an English Bible in the work of the English Reformation, and set himself to the noble task of giving a boon so precious to his native land. no doubt he sought the aid of other pens, but to what extent we cannot now determine. The greater part of the work—perhaps the whole—was done during those quiet years at Lutterworth, between 1381 and his death. a complete edition of Wycliffe's Bible in five volumes, was issued in 1850 from the Oxford Press."

In this, as in any other matter read aloud, it is an exercise of the reader's taste to determine when such variation of tone should occur. My indications are simply suggestions of a principle to be observed for the sake of variety and naturalness.

In the reading of poetry, especially where there are but few lines in a single verse, this peculiar

monotony is very apt to appear. Take these familiar lines of one of Bryant's poems. Reading them in all other respects with the utmost propriety of expression, if you fail to open a verse occasionally with the variation suggested, it may constitute the one thing which will characterize the reading as monotonous. To form the necessary habit, try the experiment of beginning certain verses, as are indicated by small letters, on a lowered pitch.

### TO A WATERFOWL.

“ Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of  
day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

---

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

---

seeks't thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

---

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

---

and soon that toil shall end ;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

---

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

---

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain  
flight,  
In the lone way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright."



The final verse might be opened on this low pitch, but for obvious reasons the capital letter is used.

If you wish to test in the most positive way the effect of that peculiar form of monotony which begins every sentence on the same unvaried pitch, listen to some one who is reading thus in another room, and with closed doors between you ;—the situation being just such that you hear all indistinctly except the perpetually recurring sound of the opening word, and if your ear is at all sensitive the pangs of Hogarth's enraged musician may be comparable to yours. You may be tempted to transpose the words of Burns, and exclaim,

Oh ! wad some power the giftie gie us  
To hear oursels as others hear us !

## CHAPTER V.

### PUNCTUATION.

VERY much of the difficulty which mechanically correct readers experience in their efforts to be artistic arises from the curious complications brought about by punctuation. I was about to say the system of punctuation, but there is no system, or rather every writer has his own system, and takes the liberty of adhering to it as loosely as he may.

One author is especially addicted to the comma, another makes much of the semicolon, all dislike the colon, and of course all are pleased with the full stop. Some become desperate in the confusion, and substitute a dash for everything between a comma and a period. The combat deepens when the four little points are plunged into the heart of elocution. Here begins an irrepressible conflict, for we find that, even if there were a perfect system of grammatical punctuation, the rhetorical would overcome it. The complication would be less serious if we were not compelled to see these troublesome points upon the page, and be continually obliged to

reject their offices in reading aloud. They are welcomed by logic and repudiated by rhetoric; and more than this, a batallion of pauses, seen only by the mind's eye, are necessarily forced into the contest.

Not much is known about what stood for punctuation among the ancients, and it is believed that they rejoiced in but little. Perhaps they read all the better for that. They were helped, at occasional but ill-defined historical stages, by accents and certain lines in place of stops. To one Aristophanes of Byzantium (not the more celebrated one of comic memory), the first efforts to punctuate are ascribed. He flourished his pen about the middle of the third century B. C. Then the Venetian Manutius figures in history as prominent in the establishment of modern forms, which have gradually assumed their present complexion; the colon, as we read, appearing in the latter part of the 15th century, the comma and semicolon in the 16th, and all showing themselves, along with the mark of interrogation and parenthesis, in the year 1587, or thereabouts.

Some of the ancient languages, as we well know, were far more grammatically exact than the one we possess. Mr. Richard Grant White went so far as to style ours a "grammarless tongue." All the

more to be admired than is that compilation by Lindley Murray which made his name a synonym for English grammar. It was once a common saying of the English race that if a man spoke incorrectly he did not speak according to Murray. Fuller endorsement could not be given ; and it is to be supposed that as the manner of speaking, or delivery of the language, has undergone changes and improvements in the course of a century, we need not be surprised in finding certain views expressed by Mr. Murray about the comma, which belonged to his day. In treating of punctuation he says, "The comma represents the shortest pause ; the semicolon a pause double that of the comma ; the colon double that of the semicolon ; and the period, double that of the colon. The precise quantity or duration of each pause cannot be defined ; for it varies with the time of the whole. The same composition may be rehearsed in a quicker or slower time ; but the proportion between the pauses should be ever invariable." Modern elocution properly rejects all this. We perceive that the proportion existing between these points, so far from being invariable, is the most variable of quantities. A rhetorical pause of inconceivable duration may be introduced, upon occasion, after :

comma, or the voice may incur no suspension whatever. So with the other points.

Sometimes, too, the voice may fall as completely at a comma as it possibly could at a period; and sometimes the voice should be so sustained at a period that it can hardly be said to fall in the least.

In accordance with old theories, Mr. Murray thus punctuates the following sentence: "The good taste of the present age, has not allowed us to neglect the cultivation of the English language." In these days very few writers would insert a comma after the word "age"; and if it were inserted no one would make any pause there in reading it aloud.

Let me give a few illustrations to show how the otherwise good reader may be in bondage to the comma. Opening the first book at hand, Green's "History of the English People," I find a sentence, "Near, however, as Llewellyn seemed to the final realization of his aims, he was still a vassal of the English crown." This, it would seem, has correct grammatical punctuation, but no one speaking such a sentence extemporaneously would be apt to make any pause whatever after the word "near," and probably none after the word "however." But as the eye is arrested by these stops on the page, a common error is introduced of bringing

up the voice with a jerk, as it were, and a fixed principle of artificiality is established.

For the same illustration I take the liberty of quoting a sentence from the *Easy Chair* of the July "Harper" of 1886. "It is true, also, that while much critical writing to-day is intelligent and discriminating, few artists or authors probably will own that they derived much benefit from the comments upon their works. Many authors, indeed, never read the criticisms or notices of their books, and artists of all kinds are apt to recognize a personal feeling in the strictures." This isolated passage is quoted simply to point out that, while it is properly punctuated, probably no one could read it aloud naturally who makes any pause after the word "true," in the first sentence, or who makes much if any pause after the word "also." Nor should any pause follow the word "authors" in the next sentence, nor much if any follow the word "indeed."

When I write "this isolated passage is quoted simply to point out that, while it is properly punctuated, etc.," the grammatical comma occurs after the word "that," but the rhetorical comma most certainly occurs after the word "out," and neglects the word "that."

The fact of rhetorical construction often supe:

seding the grammatical has led to a less frequent use of the comma. We get such admirable English from the Easy Chair, that I am induced to quote two sentences which show such disuse of the comma as would have provoked adverse comment at one time. "One of the old *Tribune* jokes was that the genuine rural reader of the paper believed that Horace Greeley wrote everything in it. There are many excellent persons still in the bondage of print who accept Horace Greeley as equally unquestionable an authority upon a picture or upon the duty on wool."

Read aloud as you would speak the following sentence from Collier's "History of English Literature," and you will make no pause after the words "or" and "indeed."

"Oldest of all British literature, or, indeed, of all literature in modern Europe, of which any specimens remain, are some scraps of Irish verse, found in the Annalists and ascribed to the fifth century."

And from the same author, "Edmund Spenser was, in point of time, the second of the four grand old masters of our poetical literature." In reading this one would be very apt, if he read as he speaks, to make a pause after "Spenser," none after "was" or "time," and a slight one after "second"; all of

which is in opposition to the points he sees in print.

In Act. 3, of the play of Hamlet, enter Rosen-  
crantz and Guildenstern. Observe the commas in  
the conversation, as they appear in print, and I be-  
lieve correctly placed, and how many of them the  
actors must discard!

“ *Guil.* Good, my lord, vouchsafe me a word with  
you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The King, Sir,—

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is, in his retirement, marvellous distem-  
pered.

*Ham.* With drink, sir?

*Guil.* No, my lord, with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more  
richer to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to  
put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him  
into more choler.”

In conclusion, if in reading aloud you do not  
form the habit of discarding the grammatical point  
when it conflicts with the rhetorical, you have not  
advanced quite to the point desired.

Opening at random a chapter of Knickerbocker's  
history of New York, I find a series of sentences in  
which there is no absolute fall of the voice at any



one of the periods. The voice has a circumflex accent.

“There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world : one, by talking faster than they think, and the other, by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of being a man of quick parts ; by the other, many a dunder-pate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke, except in monosyllables ; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### ACCENT. EMPHASIS.

THE pupil who is anxious to excel will do well to study the history of the two words which head this chapter, as they bear diverse meanings, from very narrow ones to those which authorize our saying of a man that he speaks a foreign tongue with a perfect accent, or that he delivered a long discourse with admirable emphasis.

It is with the narrower meanings that we have chiefly to do, and they are sufficiently confusing.

Accent, in our language, is primarily the peculiar stress of the voice placed upon a letter or syllable, to distinguish that letter or syllable from the rest of the word ; as emphasis is a similar stress laid upon a word or words to distinguish it or them from the rest of the sentence.

In our tongue, every word of more than one syllable has one, at least, of those syllables accented ;—to help us the better to comprehend the meaning the word. What dreadful monotony would prevail if this were not the case !

You can find long lists of words that as verbs or nouns have differing accents ; as when in order to convert a man, we make him a convert, or, if the judge convicts a man, it is to make him a convict. The word amen, with all its sacred associations, significantly and impressively stands alone among dissyllabic words in being pronounced with two accents.

Occasionally, words of even four syllables have but one accent, as the word detrimental ; and, by the way, there are a number of curious accents connected with the word Orthoepey. This word at least should be definite ; but there are four different ways of pronouncing it, by as many authorities.

We need an Academy, like that of France.

Sometimes there is a primary accent, and a secondary on the same word, as in the word récolléction, the primary in this case being on the third syllable ; and there may be a still greater number of accents in such words as incomprehensibility and unconstitutionality.

All these are what might be called dictionary accents ; and then we have to deal with others, entirely different, which are rhetorical accents. These we get from the Greek, and they are the acute (´) or rising, the grave (`) or falling, and the circumflex (˘) or waving. Accent now becomes inflection. The

rising is used when we ask a simple question, as, "Are you going to-day?" and the falling, in the answer, "No! I am going to-mor-row." This is plain enough; but strange to say, many a pupil, in reading aloud, finds great difficulty in managing the circumflex, although he may have no difficulty of the kind in colloquial intercourse. If true, this is deplorable; for the waves of the circumflex are as multitudinous as those of the ocean, and like them may be lashed into billows, or "lapse on quiet shores."

Take the play of Julius Cæsar, and how thoroughly Shakespeare displays this in his treatment of the word "honorable," when Antony speaks to the Roman mob. It is a very gentle and artful circumflex which the orator uses when he says,

"O masters! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are hōnorable men;"

but rather more is required when he fears that he has "wronged the hōnorable men whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar;"—and when it comes to,

"Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny,  
They that have done this deed are hōnorable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do't ; they are wise and honor-  
able,

And will no doubt with reasons answer you,"

the circumflex becomes a power which is terrible in its significance.

Is then my comparison to the billow merely a figure of speech? Let us see whether the image of the lapsing wave will hold as good. Turn to the "Merchant of Venice,"—listen to Portia's utterance of the words "love" and "hate," as she stands trembling with fear and hope before the caskets :

"There's something tells me (but it is not love)  
I would not lose you ; and you know yourself  
Hate counsels not in such a quality."

If you cannot detect the exquisitely delicate insinuation of her tones, rest assured Bassanio could, for when she says "confess and live," Bassanio's "confess and love" is the truest echo. Surely the circumflex accent runs through the entire gamut of human passion ; and you will get control of it only by patient study. It has subtle distinctions which you can seize by your own research and practice better than by further illustrations of mine.

Let us go to the subject of emphasis. In the definition usually given, emphasis is signified by a

peculiar stress laid upon the word ; but it must be carefully noted that this stress or power can be materially helped by allowing the voice to fall after the important word just as much as it does ordinarily at a period : and this even when there is no point of punctuation following the word. Take, for example, Shylock's lines, "The villany you teach me I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction." Supposing that, in your reading of the line, you wish to emphasize the word "better," you do it most effectively not merely by additional force upon that word, but by dropping the voice as completely as possible. To make it plainer, I will place a period after "better," and then draw a line ; so that you will be the more tempted to follow the suggestion.

"The villany you teach me I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better.—— the instruction."

A slight pause after the important word is still another form of emphasis, for it arrests and excites attention ; and, finally, you will be particular to *keep the voice on a low pitch when you utter "the instruction."*

A little child hardly needs such suggestions as these for his play-mate talk, and yet the adult will

disregard them in reading aloud. If not artful, we must be full of art, to be "natural"!

In further illustration of this matter, take a portion of Hamlet's address to the players.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I.—pronounced it to you, trippingly.—on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier.—spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent. —tempest.—and, as I may say, whirlwind. —of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance to give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul.—to hear a robustious peri-wig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters.—to very rags.—to split the ears of the groundlings who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise."

In the foregoing example I do not intend the line to indicate a pause of any special length, but simply the more to induce you to make the voice fall completely at the fictitious periods which are introduced for that purpose.

Certain words of Mr. Gladstone, taken from a speech at Liverpool, are inserted here for no other reason than to repeat such eloquent sentences with the emphasis I venture to indicate, and the occa-

sional opening of a sentence on a low pitch. As before, the fictitious period and line are used for the emphatic fall, and the low pitch signified by a small letter instead of a capital.

"It was here that I first drew breath. I have drawn it now seventy-six years. The time is not distant when I shall pay my debt to nature, and these, possibly, are the last words I shall speak in Liverpool. If idle and shallow pretexts bewilder the mind of the people, or if power, wealth and rank overbear national sense, the child unborn.—— will rue the voting of that day.

"I entreat you to resolve that the civilized world shall no longer assert that Ireland is England's Poland.—— and to determine that England shall no longer have.—— a Poland. she has had it long enough. Listen to prudence, courage and honor. 'Ring out the old.—— ring in the new.' Ring out the notes of memory and discord.—— and ring in the blessed reign of a time of peace."

Let me introduce here Portia's appeal for mercy, analyzing it after my own fashion line by line, marking the circumflex accents or inflections, inserting a smaller type for the parenthetical parts (which are therefore to be delivered on a lower pitch), introducing a period and line to mark the emphatic fall, and



occasionally beginning a sentence on a low pitch, as indicated by a small letter instead of a capital.

“The quality of mercy is not strained;  
it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
upon the place beneath: it is twice.—— bless’d;  
it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

’Tis mightiest in.—— the mightiest: it becomes  
the throned monarch better than his crown:

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

the attribute to awe and majesty,

wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway:

It is enthroned in the hearts.—— of kings,

it is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest.——

God’s,

When mercy seasons justice. therefore, Jew,

Though justice be.——thy plea, consider this,

That, in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation: we do pray.—— for mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds.—— of mercy. i have spoke thus much,

To mitigate the justice of thy plea;

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence ’gainst the merchant

—— there.”

Let me add to this analysis that the line “it is

an attribute to God himself " especially calls for a deep and solemn monotone.

And you, my pupil, whose voice is "soft, gentle and low (an excellent thing in woman)," I would not have you think that I am dictating exactly how you should render this beautiful passage. Mine are only hints, not rules. And surely you will know that when you read "this sceptred sway," since the same consonant s ends one word and begins the next, a slight pause (slight indeed but nevertheless a pause) must separate those words, or else the two consonants will melt into one; and you perceive also that the same thing holds good as to the line "this strict court of Venice"; and you recognize that emphasis has still another quality, for in the whole composition it regulates the quantity or time; and you feel at liberty to take my suggestions with large reservation on account of the way in which you yourself understand Portia; and possibly you insist that no man can tell a woman who has found the key-note of Portia's character how to express the language of that admirable creation. Loving Bassanio with absolute faith, she will never be won, it appears, but in a single way. Portia must always win, for she walks by the divine commandment,—honor thy father and thy mother.

To read the lines of her appeal, however, with

absolute fidelity to the situation as well as to the character, there is demanded the closest study of the trial scene of the play.

Shakespeare had his own way of seizing a golden opportunity. It was so when he found here an opportunity for saying something beautiful about the attributes of mercy. I believe also, that he intended Portia's speech as a quasi-appeal and not a genuine one.

This view has not been disclosed by any of the criticisms familiar to me, and certainly not by the general stage rendering, which holds that Portia hopes at once to mollify the Jew by her eloquent and touching supplication, and if that should fail, to argue the case. But it seems to me that Portia is far more mistress of the occasion than this would imply. Remember that she has no need to ask for mercy. She has come into court assured of victory, as her conduct proves.

Is not this appeal intended to draw the Jew more and more into a belief of his ultimate triumph? Certainly it has such an effect; and when she has got him into a state of almost demoniac exultation, suddenly she turns upon him with the full power of the law. All the greater now is his discomfiture and her triumph, and, what is very important to

Shakespeare, the playwright, all the more dramatic the climax.

To sustain this view, note especially that at the close of the appeal for mercy she does not wait for Shylock's answer, but, on the contrary, hastens to side with him, as it were, for she says,—

“I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant  
there.”

And again, in perfect accordance with her plan of action, when Bassanio begs that she will “wrest once the law to her authority,” what does Portia say?

“It must not be ; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established.”

Of course the Jew is deceived, and sees a “second Daniel come to judgment.” But Portia can trust her wit a little further. She says,

“Why, this bond is forfeit ;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart.

Be merciful,  
Take thy money : bid me tear the bond.”

When the Duke gives up the cause ; when Bassanio pleads in vain ; when Antonio bids farewell to his friend, and to life itself, what is it that sustains the heart of Portia, seconding her will so that the "little body" is enabled to stand firmly before the terrible demonstrations of the Jew ?

To my mind, she has been granted strength for this, the second ordeal of her life, because she has recognized the sacredness of filial obligation. Shakespeare has drawn the opposite of this picture in the drama of Lear. Goneril and Regan are monsters of filial ingratitude, and end their lives ignominiously.

It is for Portia to see "how far a little candle throws its beams" ; and for her to draw the similitude, "So shines a good deed in a naughty world," and then to point the moral in her own career. An admirable pattern for woman,—this obedient child and loving wife ;—because the one therefore the other.

One more illustration will be offered, and for the guidance of young men who may be interested in the subject of elocution.

Practice in the following quotation, the various phases of the circumflex, and remember the meaning of the small letters at the opening of an occasional line, and acquire the habit suggested by the

fictitious period and the line following it.

Polonius says to Laertes:—

“ Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act :  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
the friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;  
(A rapid utterance of this last line is surely appropriate.)

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.

(The above two lines may be significantly read by speaking the word “ but ” on a tolerably high pitch, and letting the voice fall by a gradual but sure descent to the word “ comrade.”)

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel.— but being in,  
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.

(You will see the propriety of making no pause after the word “ but,” and none after the phrase “ bear it.”)

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :  
take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment :  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd.— in fancy ; rich not gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;

and they in France, of the best rank and station,  
are of a most select and generous chief, in that.  
neither a borrower nor a lender.—— be ;  
for loan oft loses both itself and friend ;  
and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all ; to thine own self.—— be true ;  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any.—— man.

Suppose you render the words “this above all” by a slight pause after the word “this,” then suddenly and impressively dropping the voice on “above all.” Also, the words “as the night the day” should be read rapidly and in an off-hand manner, and just as if the comparison were a matter of course. Then the words “canst not then” may be uttered with a decided beat upon each one ;— what would be called, in music, a staccato manner.

These principles of emphasis are applicable to every sort of composition,—in prose or poetry, and in the application “let your own discretion be your tutor.”

Finally, let me urge an avoidance of any forcible stress upon small and comparatively unimportant words because the articulation of such words is commonly neglected. More than to speak them distinctly is sheer affectation.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOW TO READ POETRY.

POSSIBLY you may be mechanically accurate, but inartistic, if you do not recognize the propriety of the suggestion I now venture to put forth.

Try to read poetry as if it were prose. What radicalism! you exclaim. Well, we wish to go to the root of the matter. I will not bate one syllable of the wording of that suggestion; at the same time endeavoring to give the explanation called for. Note that my direction is not—read poetry as if it were prose, but TRY to do so. And I admit that if you were absolutely successful the reading would be tame indeed. And I also see that, if you are blessed with the usual ear for rhythm, it will be impossible for you to read poetry as if it were prose. Why give a rule, then, which apparently defeats itself. This defeat is an apparent one and not real. The victory will be won through that very ear for rhythm which will protect you. It will save you from reading poetry precisely as if it were prose, and at the same time you ascertain that the per-



sistent effort to do so is the only method of avoiding the monotony of song. It is not merely the pronounced sing-song delivery which is to be guarded against, but the various insidious approaches to it.

The matter is to be considered in different lights. You will admit, at least, that my rule is best fitted to bring out the sense. It is a corollary to the advice of Mr. Yellowplush. "Take my advice, honorable Sir — listen to a humble footmin: its generally best in poatry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself, and to ingspress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, praps." Admitting the truth of this, we will try first, in the reading of poetry, to bring out the sense; after that to introduce the ornamentation proper.

Before other explanation, let me present a familiar verse of Beattie's that, from the manner in which I have run the words together, will show what utter nonsense a deliberate sing-song delivery creates. Read it aloud, and with no more of absolute surrender of yourself to the metre than your own ears have experienced, and what is the result?

"At the close of the daywhenthe hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweetsoffer getfulness prove,

When naught but the torrentis heard on the hill,  
And naught but the nightingale's song in the  
grove."

Daywhenthe is only to be exceeded by sweetsoffor !

If you are not guilty of exaggeration like this, nevertheless there may be a dangerous approach to it without your being aware. But even in such a verse, where the metrical beat is so strongly marked that it is hard not to succumb to it, nothing is necessary but the judicious insertion of rhetorical pauses. These pauses are not laid down on the printed page, and therefore we must form the habit of recognizing them with the mind's eye. They do not disturb the time, which can still be kept as perfectly as if regulated by a musician's baton, and they do put an end to the sing-song, while the sense, also, is clearly shown.

Let me introduce such pauses in the verse quoted, premising that their length must be regulated by the reader's ear for rhythm.

At the close of the day,—when the hamlet is still,—  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,—  
When naught but the torrent—is heard on the hill,—  
And naught but the nightingale's song—in the  
grove.

You note that the sense is unbroken; that no

pause occurs in the second line until the end, and none in the fourth till near the close.

In further illustration, take these two verses from Whittier's Burns:

But who his human heart has laid  
To Nature's bosom nearer?—  
Who sweetened toil like him,—or paid  
To love a tribute dearer?

---

Through all his tuneful art,—how strong  
The human feeling gushes!  
The very moonlight of his song  
Is warm with smiles and blushes!

---

Note that no appreciable pause occurs in the first verse until after the close of the second line. There should be a decided pause after the word "him" in the third line, and decidedly none at the close of that line. In the second verse, the first line has its pause after the word "art"; there should be none after the word "strong."

In reading poetry after this fashion we do precisely what the accomplished singer does when he uses the rallentando and crescendo movements, and he keeps the time of the composition, so that the accompanist may not be disconcerted. Blank

verse, the highest form of English poetry, by its very approach to prose gives us a hint as to the proper rendering.

In the shape of prose this is the opening of *Paradise Lost*. It is an example familiar to many students.

“Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe, with loss of Eden, till one greater man restore us, and regain the blissful seat, sing heavenly muse !”

Arranged as blank verse, a slight but hardly definable metrical pause may be occasionally necessary for the close of a line, because there is no rhyme to make a broad distinction ; but this almost imperceptible lingering of the voice is occasional only, whereas the rhetorical pauses are in constant demand for proper elocution.

Let it be carefully noted that a certain exaltation of tone, natural to the delivery of all poetry, especially blank verse, helps to save us from prosaic reading ; and with the added safeguard of the average perception of rhythm, it seems to me proper to urge you to try to read poetry as if it were prose.

In a “Lesson for a Boy,” Coleridge humorous and ingeniously describes the different metrical fee

A part of this lesson is transcribed, as it constitutes a useful arrangement for memorizing, and embraces, the most important measures.

Trôchêe trips frôm lōng tō shōrt ;  
 From long to long in solemn sort  
 Slōw Spōndee stālks ; strōng fōot ! yet ill able  
 Ēvēr tō cōme ūp wīth Dāctyl trȳsȳllāble,  
 Īāmbics mārch frôm shōrt tō lōng ;  
 Wīth ā lēap ānd ā bōund the swift Ānāpēsts  
 thrōng.

The anapestic measure, in which two syllables are unaccented and the third accented, being more of a dancing movement than others, is most liable to be tortured into sing-song delivery. In this measure is written the verse beginning "At the close of the day when the hamlet is still." Those exquisite lines of Campbell, "The Soldier's Dream," are dactylic with certain license. It seems almost a wrong to distort them in print. But this is the manner in which they are sometimes read aloud.

"Our bugles sang truceforthe night-cloud had  
 lowered,  
 And the sentinel starssettheir watch in the sky,  
 And thousands had sunkonthe ground overpower-  
 ered,  
 The weary to sleēpandthe wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again."

You may call these illustrations exaggerations. Perhaps they are; but it is the insidious approach to such methods of reading poetry that we are to guard against by the method proposed.

Blank verse is generally written in iambic measure:—the first syllable unaccented, the second accented. This is the measure of Whittier's "Burns"; but to read either blank verse or the rhymes in bondage to the metre would be a blunder.

Dactylic measure, so called from its resemblance in quantity to the joints of a finger, the first syllable being accented, and the two following unaccented, occurs in such lines as,—

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle,"  
and in Scott's Song of Clan Alpine,

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances."

When our poets combine several of these measures in the same poem, producing a pleasing variety, they facilitate the reading aloud without monotony. Scott was fond of the iambic measure; and its frequent use in such lengthy poems as the *Laurel of the Lake* helped, it may be, to lessen the po

larity of the poet ; as nothing is easier than for the reader to yield to the metre until a tiresome monotony is established.

Take the opening lines of the Introduction to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and perhaps you will find it judicious to insert some such pauses as are here indicated, that you may avoid that sameness.

"The way was long, the wind was cold ;  
The minstrel was infirm and old,  
His withered cheek and tresses gray  
Seemed to have known a better day."

Place pauses after the words "long" and "cold" ; especially avoid any in the second line till at its close ; place them after the words "cheek" and "gray," and see that you have none in the fourth line but at its close. By some such method you will fulfil the necessary conditions.

Hood's Bridge of Sighs is markedly dactylic ; and how many mechanically good but inartistic readers have failed in the delivery simply from too close adherence to the metre !

Take the verse,

"Touch her not scornfully ;  
Think of her mournfully  
Gently and humanly ;  
Not of the stains of her,

All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly."

Sense, metre, and rhythm call for pauses at the end of every line excepting the fifth; but a pause at the end of that line is destructive of sense and the true rhythm. These imperatively demand that the pause should occur after the word "now" in the final line.

A very slight suspension of the voice after the word "gently" is allowable, and if adopted it will tend to shorten the pause at the end of that particular line, so that the time will be perfectly kept.

Of all the English-writing poets, our own Longfellow used the hexameter most successfully. This verse, in which the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* were written, contains six feet, of which the fifth must be a dactyl, and the sixth a spondee. Read *Evangeline* according to the metre, and you fail. Read it with the rhetorical pauses to be discovered by yourself, and you satisfy sense and rhythm and metre. Given the customary ear for rhythm, try to read it as if it were prose.



## CHAPTER VIII.

APPLICATION OF THE VARIOUS HINTS, AND SUMMARY OF THE PRINCIPLES. SELECTIONS FROM THANATOPSIS. WHITTIER'S BARCLAY OF URY. BROWNING'S HERVÊ RIEL.

APPLY the various hints given, to the reading of Bryant's blank verse in Thanatopsis.

Take the following passage,

"Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadows green; and, poured  
round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—

Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man !”

It is not without positive knowledge of the fact, that I have written of the difficulty many readers have in the management of the circumflex; and even when, strange to say, they experience no difficulty of the kind in colloquial intercourse.

In the passage quoted, the word “alone” uttered without a decided circumflex accent is robbed of half its sublime significance. The word “wish” emphasized only by a stress, and unaccompanied by a positive fall of the voice loses its force. After such a fall the words “couch more magnificent” are to be kept on a low pitch. “Thou shalt lie down” are the words which end the third line, but surely there should be no pause or lingering of the voice after “down.” The metrical beat, indeed, should not be lost; and it is preserved, and sense and rhythm too are satisfied, by placing a pause after the word “world.” Test the matter, if you will, with the baton.

Reading “thou shalt lie down,” and all that follows to the period, in a low and solemn monotone seems to accord with the meaning, and we also learn by it that a monotone may constitute a variety. If you choose to emphasize the word “all” be

careful to let the voice fall there also. The phrases "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," "stretching in pensive quietness between," and "poured round all," are explanatory, and therefore to be read on a lower pitch than that used for what they qualify.

After the word "and," which precedes "poured round all," occurs properly a comma (syntax demanding it), but if you pause there, bringing up the voice with a jerk, as it were, rest assured that your hearers will consider it unnatural and artificial.

For a special reason I will quote the close of the poem.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and  
soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

But two of these lines, apparently, should be met at the close with any suspension of the voice; and those are the lines ending with "death" and "night." Study the passage to see, also, that in

it, and in the whole poem, a lavish use of unseen rhetorical pauses will bring out in unison both sense and poetry ;—justifying my suggestion that we should try to read poetry as if it were prose. Danger lies in another direction.

In order that you may be confirmed in the habit of applying the principles heretofore laid down, and that even when you are reading at sight, let me urge you to make a study of Whittier's poem "Barclay of Ury." These principles are summed up again, applicable, as they may be, both to prose and poetry ; viz. : lower the pitch in phrases which are explanatory and therefore parenthetical ; when the sense calls for it let the voice fall, even at a comma, as much as it possibly could at a period ; let the voice be partially sustained at a period, if justified by the sense ; do not neglect the significant circumflex accent ; observe that emphasis is made not only by stress but sometimes by stress accompanied by a complete fall of the voice ; note that after such a fall the word or words immediately following the one emphasized are to be kept on a low pitch,—and just as you talk ; insert rhetorical pauses at your discretion ; in the reading of poetry insert these rhetorical pauses so that you may avoid a sing-song delivery, and at the same time observing both metre and rhythm ; use the

monotone, when indicated by common sense, and that not only for its own sake but for the sake of variety; to escape a certain form of monotony take care that the voice does not fall on the same unvaried note at the close of every sentence or of every verse; to avoid a still more common monotony be careful to begin an occasional sentence, or an occasional verse, on a low pitch.

## BARCLAY OF URY.

Up the streets of Aberdeen,  
By the Kirk and college green,  
Rode the Laird of Ury;  
Close behind him, close beside,  
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,  
Pressed the mob in fury.

---

Flouted him the drunken churl,  
Jeered at him the serving-girl,  
Prompt to please her master;  
And the begging carlin, late  
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,  
Cursed him as he passed her.

---

Yet, with calm and stately mien,  
Up the streets of Aberdeen  
Came he slowly riding;

And, to all he saw and heard,  
Answering not with bitter word,  
Turning not for chiding.

---

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,  
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,  
Loose and free and froward ;  
Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !  
Push him ! prick him ! through the town  
Drive the Quaker coward ! "

---

But from out the thickening crowd  
Cried a sudden voice and loud :  
" Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay ! "  
And the old man at his side  
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,  
Scarred and sun-burned darkly ;

---

Who with ready weapon bare,  
Fronting to the troopers there,  
Cried aloud : " God save us,  
Call ye coward him who stood  
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,  
With the brave Gustavus ? "

---

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;

“ Put it up, I pray thee :  
Passive to His holy will,  
Trust I in my Master still,  
Even though he slay me.

---

“ Pledges of thy love and faith,  
Proved on many a field of death,  
Not by me are needed.”  
Marvelled much that henchman bold,  
That his laird, so stout of old,  
Now so meekly pleaded.

---

“ Woe’s the day ! ” he sadly said,  
With a slowly-shaking head,  
And a look of pity ;  
“ Ury’s honest lord reviled,  
Mock of knave and sport of child,  
In his own good City !

---

“ Speak the word, and, master mine,  
As we charged on Tilly’s line,  
And his Walloon lancers,  
Smiting through their midst we’ll teach  
Civil look and decent speech  
To these boyish prancers ! ”

“ Marvel not, mine ancient friend,  
Like beginning, like the end ” :

Quoth the Laird of Ury,

“ Is the sinful servant more  
Than his gracious Lord who bore  
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

---

“ Give me joy that in his name  
I can bear, with patient frame,  
All these vain ones offer ;  
While for them he suffereth long,  
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,  
Scoffing with the scoffer?

---

“ Happier I, with loss of all,  
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,  
With few friends to greet me,  
Than when reeve and squire were seen,  
Riding out from Aberdeen,  
With bared heads to meet me.

---

“ When each good wife, o’er and o’er,  
Blessed me as I passed her door ;  
And the snooded daughter,  
Through her casement glancing down,  
Smiled on him who bore renown  
From red fields of slaughter.



“ Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,  
Hard the old friend’s falling off,  
    Hard to learn forgiving :  
But the Lord his own rewards,  
And His love with theirs accords,  
    Warm and fresh and living.

---

“ Through this dark and stormy night  
Faith beholds a feeble light  
    Up the blackness streaking ;  
Knowing God’s own time is best,  
In a patient hope I rest  
    For the full day-breaking ! ”

---

So the Laird of Ury said,  
Turning slow his horse’s head  
    Towards the Tolbooth prison,  
Where through iron grates, he heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
    Preach of Christ arisen !

---

Not in vain, Confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
    Of thy day of trial ;  
Every age on him who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways,  
    Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear  
Angel comfortings can hear,  
O'er the rabble's laughter ;  
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,  
Glimpses through the smoke discern  
Of the good hereafter.

---

Knowing this, that never yet  
Share of Truth was vainly set  
In the world's wide fallow ;  
After hands shall sow the seed,  
After hands from hill and mead  
Reap the harvests yellow.

---

Thus with somewhat of the Seer,  
Must the moral pioneer  
From the Future borrow ;  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow !

In the reading aloud of Whittier's poem, it is hard not to succumb to a metre so distinctly marked ; not so in the following verse of Browning, —which can never be delivered effectively without (the rhythm of course observed) trying to read it as if it were prose.

## HERVÉ RIEL.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred  
ninety-two,  
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!  
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the  
blue,  
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of  
sharks pursue,  
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the  
Rance,  
With the English fleet in view.

## 2.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in  
full chase;  
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,  
Damfreville;  
Close on him fled, great and small,  
Twenty-two good ships in all;  
And they signalled to the place  
“ Help the winners of a race!  
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or,  
quicker still,  
Here's the English can and will!”

## -3-

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt  
on board ;  
“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like these  
to pass ? ” laughed they :  
“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage  
scarred and scored,  
Shall the ‘ *Formidable* ’ here with her twelve and  
eighty guns  
Think to make the river-mouth by the single nar-  
row way,  
Trust to enter where ’tis ticklish for a craft of  
twenty tons,  
And with flow at full beside ?  
Now, ’tis slackest ebb of tide.  
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,  
While rock stands or water runs,  
Not a ship will leave the bay ! ”

## 4-

Then was called a council straight,  
Brief and bitter the debate:  
“ Here’s the English at our heels ; would you have  
them take in tow  
All that’s left us of the fleet, linked together stern  
and bow,  
For a prize to Plymouth Sound ? ”

Better run the ships aground !”

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

“ Not a minute more to wait !

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on  
the beach !

France must undergo her fate.

5.

“ Give the word !” But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard ;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid  
all these

—A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A mate—first,  
second, third ?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete !

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for  
the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

6.

And “ What mockery or malice have we here ?”  
cries Hervé Riel :

“ Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you cowards,  
fools, or rogues ?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the  
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every  
swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river  
disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the  
lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of  
Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse  
than fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me  
there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this '*Formidable*' clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I  
know well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,

—Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!"  
cries Hervé Riel.

## 7.

Not a minute more to wait.

“Steer us in, then, small and great !

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron !”  
cried its chief.

“Captains, give the sailor place !”

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God’s grace !

See the noble fellow’s face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide  
sea’s profound !

See, safe thro’ shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates  
the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief !

The peril, see, is past,

And all are harbored to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas “Anchor !” sure as  
fate,

Up the English come, too late !

## 8.

So, the storm subsides to calm ;

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o’erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance

As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the  
Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell!

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word, "Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

9.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,

I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard.

Praise is deeper than the lips:

You have saved the King his ships,

You must name your own reward.

'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!



Demand whate'er you will,  
France remains your debtor still.  
Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not  
    Damfreville."

## 10.

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
As the honest heart laughed through  
Those frank eyes of Breton blue :  
"Since I needs must say my say,  
Since on board the duty's done,  
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it  
    but a run?—  
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
Since the others go ashore—  
Come! A good whole holiday!  
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the  
    Belle Aurore!"  
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.  
Name and deed alike are lost :  
Not a pillar nor a post  
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;  
Not a head in white and black  
On a single fishing-smack,  
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to  
    wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence Eng-  
land bore the bell.

Go to Paris : rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank !

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé  
Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse !

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France love thy wife the  
Belle Aurore !

## CHAPTER IX.

### SUGGESTIONS OF HARMONY IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THIS chapter is meant to be as little argumentative as possible ; and the suggestions are simply to help the main design of grouping together random lines from noted poets which show more of innate harmony than the pupil may have hitherto recognized. Thus he may be stimulated to further study in that direction, and also in the line of elocution.

The belief that any one dominant language is more harmonious than another is a strange belief, and it may arise partly from a confused understanding of the terms harmony and melody. The language of a great people grows with the growth of the people ; it has its own wants, and therefore its own idioms. For this reason translations always suffer loss, and the best translations are free rather than literal.

It is wiser to confide too much rather than too little in the capabilities of our native accents, for a distrust will create a corresponding neglect of utter-

ance. This is especially true if there are unusual difficulties in the way. The Spaniard and the Italian, for example, inherit a speech with which the vocal organs find no trouble. The laziest Italian can enunciate with ease. He has but to open his mouth for the full expression of the melody. He is allowed great license of elision. With us precision of articulation is a necessity; for every word must stand or fall of itself, and that notwithstanding difficult syllabic arrangement, and intricate word relationship. These very difficulties, however, may be blessings in disguise. They are like the difficulties which beset the violinist in his early practice; but once mastered, he plays upon a royal instrument. It is a delusion,—the belief that we can speak our English easily because we are born to it. Indeed, we are often captivated with its harmony as it comes from the lips of the educated foreigner because, being a foreigner, he is compelled to make an effort.

If comparisons could be made, it is quite supposable that a language may be so full of sweet vowel sounds that the ear would yearn for contrasts. Hence a good deal of that elision resorted to by the Italian. We know that harshness is an element of harmony. Does not instrumental music admit of certain discords to increase opposite effects? In like manner, vocal expression—language—is height-

ened by a just combination of the rugged and the smooth. The proportion and disposition of consonant strength and vowel sweetness cannot be overestimated, for, as has been well said, in the philosophy of tone a vowel persuades and a consonant convinces.

How much of unrevealed harmony is suggested by the fact that our spoken English has not kept pace in improvement with the written ;—the elocution being vastly inferior to the literature. Compare the great number of our distinguished writers with the small number of orators. To put it more pointedly, compare the great number of writers with the small number of them who can read aloud their productions with propriety. How much of unrevealed harmony is suggested by another fact, that our English has received nothing of governmental protection, and very little of associated. We have no Academy, like that of France, as a court of final resort. In regard to pronunciation, of late years Walker and Webster and Worcester and lesser lights have offered themselves as guides, and finally we are driven to the uncertain rules of polite usage. Polite usage means war between metropolitan centres.

Then, too, while we were trying to reconcile our systems of spelling, the phonologists appear, and

casting aside their classic garments, they tell us that we are all wrong, root and branch (especially root), and that we must spell phonetically. It may be that we should ; and that this confusion is necessary for the music of the future, but how much it impairs the music of the present !

Contrast our position with that of the ancient Greeks. They drew their inspiration from the ear as well as the eye. They cultivated tone. Their legislators, philosophers, poets and citizens were orators. Their speech was guarded with jealous care, and enriched by universal exertion. Their written works were sure to undergo the critical examination of at least one sense,—the sense of hearing. Surely that is a condition favorable to the eliciting of the utmost innate harmony.

The sibilant, the hissing character of our tongue is brought up against us ; but good authorities insist that the sound of the letter S does not occur oftener than in the Latin, for in speaking we frequently soften the sound to that of the letter Z. Take, for example, the seventy-five verses of Tennyson's "Talking Oak," and that softening occurs, I believe, in the proportion of one to four or five.

Look at any book, English or American, erase from a random page every letter S which has the sound of Z ; substitute for that erasure the letter

Z, and you will find such page sprinkled with the melodious letter.

Yet there is some ground for the accusation of hissing if we are careless in the matter of enunciation, and dwell too long on the sound of the letter S. Then, "the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings." I trust that the quotation is pat : and certainly we can see in it that the softening occurs in the words is, stars, underlings, ourselves.

Make the substitution referred to, in these lines from Tennyson's *Lotos-eaters*.

"There iz sweet muzic here that softer fallz.  
Than petalz from blown rozez on the grass,  
Or night-dewz on the waterz, between wallz  
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;  
Muzic that gentlier on the Spirit liez  
Than tired eyelidz upon tired eyez ;  
Muzic that bringz sweet sleep down from the  
    blissful skiez.  
Here are cool mossez, deep,  
And through the moss the iviez creep,  
And in the stream the long leaved flowerz weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangz in  
    sleep."

The language lends itself to another harmony in

the hissing sound of the consonant when Whittier writes,

“Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,  
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,  
Came the wild MacGregor’s clan-call,  
Stinging all the air to life.”

A better illustration, it maybe, is Byron’s

“And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.”

Mark the alternation of the hissing sound with the melodious, in these lines from *Snow-bound*

“Within our beds awhile we heard  
The wind that round the gables roared,  
With now and then a ruder shock,  
Which made our very bed-steads rock.

We heard the loosened clapboards tost,  
The board-nails snapping in the frost;  
And on us, through the unplastered wall,  
Felt the light sifted snowflakes fall.  
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do  
When hearts are light and life is new;  
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,  
Till in the summer land of dreams



They softened to the sound of streams,  
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,  
And lapsing waves on quiet shores."

If it so chance that the proportion of consonant strength and vowel sweetness be well preserved in our English, we may look for the frequent adaptation of sound to sense,—especially in poetry. And if we can perceive no effort on the part of the poet to choose fitting words,—if there is no straining for effect—no obvious desire of imitation—then we must admit a triumph of the language itself, for we find abundant illustrations, as far back as the time of Chaucer. You may recall the lines,

"When the monk rode out,  
Men might his bridle hear  
Jingling in a whistling wind as clear  
And eke as loud as doth the chapel bell."

In rhetorical treatises you are made familiar with poetical selections to illustrate this adaptation of sound to sense. Pope, who was master of metre, but unfortunately slave to it also, has been liberally drawn upon for the purpose. Southey's poem "How does the water come down at Lodore," is a most ingenious application. But let us find, without any such evident intention, and without injury

to the poetry, a just and delicate appropriateness of tone and movement,—such as Gray shows when he writes,

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea,—  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

Besides what significance you may have noted, four times the sound of the letter S, in that verse, is softened to the sound of Z, in the words tolls, winds, plods, leaves.

To bring out some of the harmony which belongs to us, we can take a lesson from Continental Europe in the use of the noble letter R; though as far as my observation goes the border tongue of Scotland affords the best treatment of the neglected letter.

It would be affectation for us to sound it as the Italian does; but better that than not to sound it at all. Better to say “good morning,” trilling the R, than to speak the latter word as if it were spelled mawning. Mr. Grant White expressed a belief that we were threatened with the entire loss of a most valuable sound.

For an illustration of its beauty, especially when

joined to that of the liquid L, read these lines of Tennyson; but be sure that you have previously acquired complete control of the trill (no easy matter) so as to avoid extremes.

“Her song the lint-white swelleth,  
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,  
The fledging throstle lispeth,  
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,  
The babbling runnel crispeth,  
The hollow grot replieth  
Where Claribel low lieth.”

It is a thoroughly English peal that Tennyson rings to welcome the arrival of Godiva.

“And all at once  
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless  
noon  
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred  
towers.”

There are actually twelve coincident beats in the lines.

We know that sound can be absolutely imitative of sound alone; but the sounding of certain combinations of letters and syllables and words may, through the power of association of ideas, bring about mental conditions similar to those which the

absolute imitation would arouse. When Pope's translation of the *Iliad* exhibits such a verse as concludes with,

"Deep echoing groan the thickets brown,  
Then, rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down,"

the imitation is brought home to the ear itself; it is plainly sought by the poet—but in these lines of Carlyle, describing the earth, there is an effect produced analogous to that made by the close imitation but far more delicate and poetical.

"This green, flowery, rock-built earth,  
Its rivers, mountains, many-sounding seas."

What fine imitation, aided so much by the alliteration of the letter R, is found in Longfellow's lines,

"On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong,  
The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder  
The diapason of the cannonade."

How forcible the CONTRAST of tone, as exhibited in a line of Keats with one of Tennyson:

"The silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide."

"The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing."

How felicitous the *movement* in Tennyson's *Morte D'Arthur*,

"Then quickly rose Sir Bedevere and ran,  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,  
And strongly wheeled and threw it."

So in every verse of Browning's "How they brought the good news," and especially in the line, rivalling the famous one of Virgil, "Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit."

There must be wide scope in a language used effectively by dramatic Browning and by that dainty lyrical writer, the author of "Vignettes in Rhyme." As in the Eastern story, there is room for the battle-ax and the scimeter.

Alliteration may be a power in the hands of the poet, for in all music a succession of agreeable sounds is of itself a pleasing feature; and this truth has been recognized and utilized from Anglo-Saxon times. That agreeableness is not of necessity musical: it may be only an accordance with the subject. This, possibly, is what Hazlitt discovered when he remarked that the repetition of the letter M heightens the effect in the line,

“Ambition, madame, is a great man’s madness.”

There seems to me a peculiar force in the repetition of the letter F in the witches incantation,

“Fair is foul, and foul is fair,

Hover through the fog and filthy air ; ”

and so of the letter P in

“Poor naked wretches

That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm ; ”

of the letter B, when Mrs. Browning writes,

“Where the Sun with a golden mouth can blow

Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row ; ”

of the letter T in Poe’s

“Tinkled on the tufted floor.”

Other illustrations will be readily suggested to the reader. Leigh Hunt points out the beauty of alliteration in this verse of Shelley’s Sky-lark.

“Like a glow-worm golden

In a dell of dew,

Scattering unbeholden

Its ærial hue

Among the flowers and grass which screen it from  
the view. ”

As this feature of alliteration should appear spontaneous, when used by the poet, evidently the sub-

ject comes within the domain of taste. A mere suspicion of artificiality destroys the beauty.

Rhetoricians have confined themselves mostly to palpable examples to illustrate the adaptation of sound to sense; but let us go to such critics as Lamb and Hazlitt and Hunt for a more delicate appreciation. These writers were fond of a past when the poet had full faith in his native accents and believed that a love for the language was its very life-blood; such a feeling as Shakespeare describes when he makes the banished Norfolk say,

“The language I have learned these forty years,  
My native English I must needs forego.”

Read Leigh Hunt's “Imagination and Fancy,”—a book of “infinite riches in a little room;”—among other bits of melody, he points out from Marlowe,

“Mine argosies from Alexandria,  
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,  
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore  
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.”

There is no shipwreck on that voyage !

Hunt calls our attention to this exquisite stanza of Spenser,

“The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,  
Their notes unto the voice attemp' red sweet :  
Th' angelical, soft, trembling voices made

To instruments divine response meet ;  
The silver sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmur of the water's fall ;  
The water's fall, with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
The gentle warbling wind low answerèd to all."

A pastoral symphony, this, before the age of Beethoven. Shakespeare abounds in passages where the entire movement sympathizes with the situation. Contrast the notes of Lorenzo and Jessica, when the moonlight sleeps upon the bank, with those of Lear and Prospero. Observe the consonantal alliteration, the piling up of consonants, as it were, when Prospero speaks,

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself"—

So, too, when Lear invokes the elements. Do we not hear this brook as well as see it?

"Under an oak whose antique root peeps out

Upon the brook which brawls along this wood ;"

And, in another scene of *As You Like It*, analyze the music of these lines, especially noting the movement.

"Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with  
age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,



A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
 Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck  
 A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
 The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly  
 Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,  
 And with indented glides did slip away  
 Into a bush : " \* \* \* \* \*

Possibly these Shakespearian words might have been more melodiously expressed in a foreign tongue ;—there is no argument in the matter. We are at liberty to deplore the birth of the poet upon English soil, but let me quote a certain opinion of the late George P. Marsh intimating that there must be a suitable instrument for a competent performer. He said, " The existence of the whole copious English vocabulary was necessary in order that Shakespeare's marvellous gift of selection might have room for exercise." The Saxon Shakespeare we are familiar with, but here is a hint, as well, of the Latin Shakespeare. " Small Latin and less Greek " must not be taken too literally.

In such a play as Hamlet, for example, the facility with which the dramatist alternates prose and poetry is most suggestive of the scope of the language as well as of his genius. Some of that prose

is of such exalted strain that we can hardly draw the line between it and elaborate poetic form.

Consider the blank verse of Milton ; and find him also a framer of majestic prose, then of the sonnet (" in whose hand the thing became a trumpet "), then of the sweetness of *L'Allegro*, then of the contrasting sweetness of *Il Penseroso*. Study that Ode to the Passions in which the poet Collins portrays first Fear, with an accordant sympathy of the verse, Anger, with still another, Despair and Hope, Pity, Jealousy, Revenge, Melancholy, Joy ; each with a different movement, and all without disturbance of the poetry. Note that Sir Walter Scott is the poet and the novelist at will ; that Macaulay passes with ease from his melodious prose to the strains of *Ivry*, and then to the *Lays of Rome* ; and that Macaulay and Prescott and Motley have sounded even the dry facts of history with rhythmical precision. Note what scope of tone there must be to allow such eccentricity as appears in Butler's *Hudibras*. See how slight the change in transforming prose passages from certain writers (Irving, for example) to blank verse. Notice what ability Coleridge displays in the choice of Saxon words, and also what mastery he has of ancient metre. In desultory transition, listen now to Poe's "*Song of the Bells*,"—every verse a separate peal, and each one clear,

resonant, musical. Do not let your admiration for a favorite poet disguise the fact that there must be a suitable instrument for a competent performer. Observe that our language presents singular evidence of vitality, and a MORAL harmony, in its recovery from insidious attack. A score of poets, superficial and meretricious, but popular in their time, make no permanent impression, for Milton asserts the dignity of his speech and art. The literature of the court of Charles II. is a thing of the past. Wycherley and Congreve are no longer read ; but the plays of Shakespeare are more and more in the hands of the people. Dryden has lost much of his hold because his vigorous English was often basely used ; but the allegory of Bunyan is a classic. Swift's marvellous story is waning in popularity ; that of Defoe suffers no decrease. Sterne's writings, though clothed in perfect sentence, are meeting the fate of all sentimentality ; but Addison's truth finds fresh expression in our own Washington Irving. Pope's worldly wisdom, for all its sweetness, gives place to the wholesomeness of Goldsmith. Byron kindles such dramatic fire as none since Shakespeare could exhibit ; but to dispel the foul vapors Cowper and Wordsworth appear. By parity of reasoning, long after the sensual productions of many a poet of this day are forgotten, the English speaking race

will seek enjoyment in the strains of Tennyson and Longfellow.

The subject of this chapter is barely touched. Certainly no argument is attempted. A few poetical extracts, chosen at random, are offered to encourage the pupil to make his own investigation of the harmony which exists, and incite him to the study of its utterance.

A still higher order of harmony is a fit topic for the preacher, being indicated by the translations of the inspired writings, and by the liturgy of the Common Prayer Book, which appeals to all classes by its frequent use of words of foreign growth side by side with those of Saxon origin,—“When we assemble and meet together.”

A few appropriate verses from Mr. Story's descriptive poem are submitted.

“Not by corruption rotted,  
Nor slowly by ages degraded,  
Have the sharp consonants gone  
Crumbling away from our words;  
Virgin and clear is their edge,  
Like granite blocks  
Chiselled by Egypt,  
Just as when Shakespeare  
And Milton laid them in glorious verse.”

Let the pupil, then, read this verse with such fidelity to the enunciation of the consonants as the sentiment emphatically demands, and as a perpetual reminder that it is the sound of the consonant which is to be brought out. The vowel will take care of itself.

“Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one like  
to hail-stones,  
Short words fall from the lips fast as the first of  
a shower;”

Sharp and decisive should be the utterance of the short words if they are like to hail-stones; and if they are to fall from the lips fast as the first of a shower, let that comparison be appropriately rattled off.

“Now in a twofold column, Spondee, Iamb and  
Trochee,  
Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling  
along,  
Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in  
triplicate syllables,  
Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on;  
Now their voluminous coil intertangling like huge  
anacondas,  
Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian  
words.”

Mr. Story has reproduced the ancient measures so faithfully that, for the sake of the description, you may partly sacrifice the rhythm for the display of the metre. "Stalk through the slow spondee," dance on the iambic and dactylic feet, invest the sesquipedalian words with dignity, and then unite with the poet,

"Therefore it is that I praise thee, and never can  
cease from rejoicing,

Thinking that good stout English is mine and my  
ancestor's tongue ;

Give me its varying music, the flow of its free mod-  
ulation,

I will not covet the full roll of the glorious Greek,  
Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin

So formal and stately,

French with its nasal lisp,

Nor German, inverted and harsh.

---

Not while our organ can speak

With its many and wonderful voices,

Play on the soft flute of love,

Blow the loud trumpet of war,

Sing with the high sesquialtro,

Or, drawing its full diapason,

Shake all the air with the

Grand storm of its pedals and stops.

There is a branch of this subject especially worthy of examination by Americans.

So far, merely, as the use of words is concerned, the English Language is better spoken throughout the length and breadth of the United States than it is by Englishmen, for the most part, in their own country. The absence of dialects here, and the multiplicity of them there, can be cited as evidence of the truth of the assertion. Indeed it may be said that one shire hardly understands another. And while Englishmen point out our vulgarisms and colloquial errors we can as readily retort. Many of the so-called Americanisms return to plague the inventor. It is true that we "guess" too often, but we do not "fancy" so much. Certainly Coleridge did not use the former word in a conjectural sense when he wrote

"I guess 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she  
Beautiful exceedingly!"

The havoc which the English make in their pronunciation of proper names is as ludicrous as disastrous. Their best speakers are frequently guilty of dropping the sound of the letter G in participial words (E. G., droppin); their broadening of the sound of the letter A amounts to an affectation; and

so does their abuse of the circumflex, which often causes an interrogative fillip, as it were, at the end of a declaratory sentence. Their abuse of the letter H is not confined to the ignorant cockney, although the well-born and well-educated Englishman may use it correctly. The fault is to be perceived in many a well-circumstanced Briton who has never been within the sound of Bow-bells : especially when he becomes excited. And although unwarrantably dropping the sound of the letter, he has the utterly incomprehensible ability to sound it where it has no rights. For such a marvellous feat he almost wins our respect.

In regard to quality of tone, however, we can take a lesson from the Englishman, who speaks more from the chest (as the phrase is). His voice has a deeper, richer quality than ours, which is pitched upon too high a key and has too much nasality. This observation does not apply to individuals but to classes. It would be as absurd to say that every Englishman's voice possesses a deep, rich quality, as to speak of every American's voice being nasal ; but the distinction is so marked that it has a national significance. Absent yourself for a year from your native country, and upon your return you will perceive the truth of this, even if you land in the metropolitan city of New York. Emer-



son said, with more truth than humor, that "an Englishman's elocution is stomachic." It were better stomachic than nasal, for correct utterance is the response of the whole frame,—from the abdominal muscles to those of the head.

We may be partly indebted to the Puritans of old England for this nasality. Much of it comes from New England, although the cultured New Englander may not betray it. There never were better exemplars of purity of tone than Everett and Phillips. But New England has been a most powerful factor in the shaping of our civilization;—every village of the North and the West is permeated with her influence, and her physical voice is not worthy of the mental and moral. Surely this nasality should be eliminated to draw out the full harmony of our English. The prose of Hawthorne and the poetry which New England alone has written call for the most finished utterance. *Evangeline*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *The Chambered Nautilus*, and *Snow-Bound* (worthy to rank with *The Deserted Village*),—how shall these be read?

But even if I am in error as to this prevalence of nasality, it is plain that every country has its national tone (whatever that may be), a something outside of the language itself,—the necessary product of close commingling and universal sympathy. This

applies to all races. One individual catches it from another. It is in the air,—just as the manifestly incorrect pronunciation may be widely adopted,—just as the boorish pronunciation creeps into metropolitan society,—and as the slang word defies the dictionary, triumphs over it, and becomes a part of the general vocabulary. National sympathy makes national habit.

The power of sympathy is shown in the formation and tenacious preservation of patois and dialect throughout Europe. It has been exhibited in our Southern States by curious resemblances of speech among the whites and the blacks. Climatic differences and other considerations enter into this subject of national tone, but it is the power of sympathy, mainly, which makes it what it is.

The recognition and frank acknowledgment of the fault of nasality will go far toward the remedy. Parental example and influence should be exerted, and the tendency among children to speak upon a high pitch discouraged; for a pitch unnecessarily high is a cause itself of nasality. In our Public School system, admirable despite its defects, we cannot prevent the crowding in our buildings and the formation of large classes. Here the youthful voices are apt to be over-strained in a necessary emulation, unless the teachers are unwearied in their

efforts to *lower the individual pitch*. Explain to the children why this repression is good. They will speedily understand, and those who are most apt and obedient will soon create a general sympathy. Abolish as much as possible, all reading and declaiming "in concert," for the voices are thereby unnaturally strained and elevated ;—the readers losing, also, a portion of their individuality.

The Italian system of vocalization, used by every competent singing master, should be adopted wherever and whenever singing is taught. This system helps to destroy certain nasal tendencies which are brought about by catarrhal diseases, now common among us ; and while generally promoting physical health, it teaches the pupil himself to recognize the pure chest note, and how to produce it. Rather than a vicious education in song it is better to have none.

In venturing to comment so freely upon our national tone, the writer has not thought it necessary to allude to the exceptional purity of intonation which may characterize individuals, or even whole communities. Indeed, you will hear no sweeter voices in Italy than in many parts of the Southern States,—voices like Cordelia's, "soft, gentle and low." Neither has any stress been laid upon the fact that individuals and communities, educated and refined

and fully aware of the prevalence of the objectionable tone, are still so much under the bondage of sympathy as to share in the common fault.

## CHAPTER X.

### COMMENCEMENT ORATORY.

FOR more than a thousand years the Greeks studied the art of utterance. They wrote treatise after treatise upon the subject, and established schools for the elucidation of demonstrative, deliberative and judicial branches. Making every art and science subordinate, they admired no career so much as that of the successful orator. In Demosthenes such an exemplar was produced as, with the single exception of Cicero (who was really his pupil), the world may never witness again.

Comparatively speaking, the art is lost. This being the age of print, the conditions are changed, and we read what we should otherwise listen to. Moreover this age is not an artistic one, according to the Grecian stand-point, but a very prosaic one. It is crowded with the results of practical science, and we have no time for the indulgence of oratory. There is no time to listen to eloquent harangues when the wires can flash the words across a continent, and the reader glance at the printed abstract.

There is no inducement for the statesman to study the art when the most important member of his audience is the stenographer ;—supposing that the speech is not already in type before it is spoken. Excepting in important criminal cases the pleader gives place to the lawyer who draws up the plea. The judge finds it expedient to be brief in his charge. The oratory of the pulpit, alone, is free to assert itself, and it has a field which the age of idolatry did not attempt to explore.

There are critical periods, however, in the history of modern nations, when the voice of the orator, though shorn of ancient grace, is more potent than the cold and unsympathizing type can possibly be. In every democratic struggle this has been exemplified. It will be an evil day for our own republic when the communistic disturber of the peace meets with no eloquent denial of his doctrines from the lips of the patriot. The vocation of the orator will never be absolutely taken away.

Thoughts of this nature may enter largely into the minds of those youthful students who are summoned to the commencement platform, and encourage their laudable though almost untutored efforts to speak in public.

Let us imagine a collegiate exhibition of the kind that is annually offered by one of those institutio

in which no previous training of the voice has been exacted. The background of the platform is filled with members of the Faculty; in advance of them are seated the would-be speakers, and in front an eager audience crowds the enormous space.

Taking one of the orators as our hero, we will endeavor to realize his experience. Why should he have any distrust? His lungs are in splendid condition. They have been tested in the gymnasium and on the campus; his declamation has been admired in various Literary circles. He has been wise enough to choose a subject appropriate to himself, knowing that this form of sincerity will go far towards ingratiating him with a number. Not having won laurels in any special study, but being a hero in out-of-door sports, his essay is a comparison between ancient and modern athletes, and he will touch lightly upon moral deductions.

While the President of the day is delivering the opening remarks, our hero, roused from a self-satisfied condition of mind, becomes painfully distrustful. He is aware of certain deficiencies; that although the text of Demosthenes and Cicero is familiar, not a single method of the orator has been explained, in the four years' course of study. The curriculum is so full, and specialists in every branch have monopolized the time so effectually that all

preparation of this sort has been neglected. No one, of tried experience, has whispered the secret of speaking in that vast building so that the voice will penetrate to the farthest recesses. No one has told him how to take and keep his breath, and thus to avoid exhaustion. No one has explained that, as gesture is the emphasis of the body, meaningless gestures are worse than none. So far from the graces of elocution being under his control, the very necessities of the case are wanting. A momentary feeling of indignation is aroused by a suspicion that he is to be lead unexpectedly to a sacrifice, and this gives him reviving courage for the undertaking. But it is too late. One more unnecessary failure is added to the list of commencement orations.

A very few timely suggestions might have saved our hero from such a fate, and without the necessity of a protracted elocutionary course. Indeed the whole tenor of this little book is to show that the pupil must depend upon himself, mainly, for instruction. Only a few primary rules can be safely imparted. To students who have been thus neglected let me suggest that, if your articulation is indistinct because you have never been properly trained, you choose for a few months' daily practice the reading aloud to yourself of some of your favorite poems; and as the difficulties are surmounted read them faster



and faster. This will not be as tedious as confining yourself to the utterance of meaningless phrases in text-books. I strongly recommend Southey's poem "How does the water come down at Lodore" for such an exercise. In this poem the conjunction "and" and the participial ending "ing" are profusely introduced. See to it that the final letters d and g are distinctly rendered, at first by a necessarily slow delivery, and then by an increasingly rapid one. Take extracts from such prose writings and orations as suit your individual taste, and treat them in the same manner. Do not try to memorize them, for it will tend to divert your mind from the necessity of overcoming every difficulty in the way of articulation;—such being the present object of your study.

For at least a month before the commencement ordeal practice your oration occasionally in the hall where it is to be delivered; and do this in the presence of a friendly critic who will listen to you from various parts of the hall. At the same time you will be getting familiar with such surroundings, and feeling at home on the platform; so that during the eventful occasion you will not cling desperately to the reading-desk, but assert your independence by occasionally taking a few steps from one side to the other, or at least glancing in various directions,

and thus eliciting the attention of auditors who are not directly before you, but who may be presumed to have an interest in the proceedings. It is a common error to talk only to those in front.

As the words must be intelligible to all, bear in mind that, unless your articulation is unusually distinct, and your voice unusually clear, a certain moderation of time is necessary, so that the sound of one syllable may not be confused with the sound of another, as they travel together and to the uttermost parts of the hall.

Do not make the mistake of speaking continually to those who are farthest from you. This will tend to shouting, to a loss of the power of modulating, and perhaps to exhaustion. Use only such strength of the voice as will be necessary for those who are seated about two-thirds of the distance from the platform to the extreme limit ; and then every one will be satisfied. Previous cultivation of the voice by singing lessons would prove valuable in this emergency. It is a scientific fact that sounds which are musical penetrate farther than those which are harsh.

You may easily get out of breath unless you have learned the secret of inhalation. Upon occasion, and when a pause will permit, close the lips firmly, and inhale as slowly as permissible through the nostrils. This will inflate the lungs fully, and it can b-

done frequently, at the close of sentences especially, and without attracting attention. A knowledge of this simple rule will save many a public speaker from hoarseness and exhaustion.

Begin your address as colloquially as possible. It takes the audience into your confidence ; it is un-presuming ; it invites attention ; then warm up to the subject matter by degrees, and save your chief oratorical display for the peroration.

For the same reason be sparing of gesture in the beginning. Let your gestures be individual ; as if they belonged to you and your temperament ; and not as if they were joined to this or that sentiment for the sake of display.

Although you have nothing new to learn in the way of gestures,—for they are thoroughly and gracefully exhibited on every play-ground,—the effective transfer of these gestures can be brought about only by diligent practice.

In gesturing, use the right arm in preference to the left. See that the arm is well and freely extended, and rather by graceful curves than abruptly. See that the fingers are slightly parted, and not, as it were, glued together. Above all, do not gesture to right and to left, and, at the same time, have your eyes directed point blank at the audience. You must invariably glance at the object, real or im-

•

aginary, that is thus emphasized, but, at the same time, not absolutely lose sight of the people for whom you are making the gesture. It is a divided interest. Let me present a brief poem, written by King, an old English poet. You can practice upon these lines most of the gestures needed in any ordinary discourse.

“SIC VITA.

---

LIKE to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,—  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood ;

---

E'en such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out,—the bubble dies,  
The spring entombed in autumn lies.  
The dew dries up, the star is shot,  
The flight is past,—and man forgot.”

For the sake of the lesson, more gestures can be introduced than the poem itself would properly call for. In the first line “Like to the falling of a star,” extend the arm and hand fully to the right, and in

the direction of the imaginary star, at the same time looking in that direction ; then let your glance fall upon the assembly, to signify that the gesture is made for the benefit of your hearers. This is what I mean by a divided interest. The gesture is to point out the star, and at the same time make it evident that it is pointed out to the audience. For the line "Or as the flights of eagles are," it may be sufficient simply to look towards the left, for the imaginary flight, without using the arm. In repeating "Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue," your gesture is naturally towards the ground. So with the line "Or silver drops of morning dew." "Or like a wind that chafes the flood," may be emphasized by a rapid and repellant sweep of the arm, the palm of the hand being turned towards the audience.

"Or bubbles which on water stood" also has a downward gesture, taste and practice indicating the direction.

"E'en such is man whose borrowed light"; here is an opportunity to raise the dexter finger, as if to point out the moral to the listeners.

"The spring entombed in autumn lies" justifies an extension of both arms, as indicative of embrace. The wind, the bubble, the dew, and the star are to be noted in this second verse with gestures very slightly changed from those before used ; and, as

you have already glanced to the left for the imaginary flight of eagles, look in the same quarter for their disappearance.

Commit the verses to memory : improve upon the suggestions, which are necessarily imperfect : practice these and similar gestures before a mirror until you can apply them, through force of habit, freely, gracefully and spontaneously.

The manner in which you deliver the commencement oration does not lose its importance with the passage of the occasion. If you never have a professional career,—no call to plead for your fellow-man in the halls of justice or in the pulpit,—no share in the councils of State,—although the humblest citizen of the republic, you can hardly escape all active participation in deliberative assemblies. Should brilliant opportunities be given, there are eloquent voices of the past urging you to patriotic efforts, and to worthier contests than ever stimulated the orators of a polished but not a Christian age. Let the enthusiasm of youth be roused by such noble sentiments as Mr. Sumner once delivered.

“Men have thus far bowed down before stocks, stones, insects, crocodiles, golden calves,—graven images, often of cunning workmanship, wrought with Phidian skill, of ivory, of ebony, of marble, but all *false gods*. Let them worship in future the

---

true God, our Father, as he is in heaven and in the beneficent labors of his children on earth. Then farewell to the siren song of a worldly ambition! Farewell to the vain desire of mere literary success or oratorical display! Farewell to the distempered longings for office! Farewell to the dismal, blood-red phantom of martial renown! Fame and glory may then continue, as in times past, the reflection of public opinion; but of an opinion sure and steadfast, without change or fickleness, enlightened by those two suns of Christian truth,—love to God and love to man. From the serene illumination of these duties all the forms of selfishness shall retreat like evil spirits at the dawn of day. Then shall the happiness of the poor and lowly and the education of the ignorant have uncounted friends. The cause of those who are in prison shall find fresh voices; the majesty of peace other vindicators; the sufferings of the slave new and gushing floods of sympathy. Then, at last, shall the brotherhood of man stand confessed; ever filling the souls of all with a more generous life; ever prompting to deeds of beneficence; conquering the heathen prejudices of country, color, and race; guiding the judgment of the historian; animating the verse of the poet and the eloquence of the orator; ennobling human thought and conduct; and inspiring those good

works by which alone we may attain to the heights of true glory.

Good works! Such even now is the heavenly ladder on which angels are ascending and descending while weary humanity, on pillows of stone, slumbers heavily at its feet."



## CHAPTER XI.

### SELECTION FROM DR. ARNOLD'S "PLEA FOR A CLASSICAL EDUCATION."

THE pupil will note that the marking out is not compulsory, but suggestive; the principle only, is obligatory.

"Aristotle, and Plato, and Thucydides, and Cicero, are most untruly called ancient.—writers; they are virtually our own countrymen and contemporaries.—but have the advantage which is enjoyed by intelligent travellers, that their observation has been exercised in a field out of the reach of common men: and that having thus seen in a manner with our eyes what we cannot see for ourselves, their conclusions are such as bear upon our own circumstances, while their information has all the charm of novelty, and all the value of a mass of new and pertinent facts illustrative of the great science of the nature of civilized man. \* \* \* \* \*

"Classical instruction should be sensibly conducted. a classical teacher should be fully acquainted with modern.—history and modern.—liter-

erature no less than with those of Greece and Rome. What is or perhaps what used to be called, a mere scholar cannot possibly communicate to his pupils the main.—advantages of a classical education. the knowledge of the past is valuable, because without it our knowledge of the present.—and of the future.—must be scanty; but if the knowledge of the past be confined wholly to itself, if instead of being made to bear upon things around us, it be totally isolated from them, and so disguised by vagueness and misapprehension as to appear incapable of illustrating them, then indeed it becomes little better than laborious trifling.—and they who declaim against it may be fully forgiven.”

In the following poems, “Before the Curtain” and “The Forced Recruit,” study the phases of the circumflex, and also the parenthetical conditions, which are suggested by small type. Take care to avoid the monotony of opening every verse in precisely the same key. Observe similar caution at the close of the verses. Escape all tendency to sing-song by inserting rhetorical pauses (just such as you use in every day speech), and, therefore (avoiding the metrical beat, but observing the rhythmical), try to read the poetry as if it were prose. It might be well for the pupil to practice this marking out with his own hand; experiment-

ing with poetical selections in accordance with his own intelligence.

## BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"Miss Peacock's called." and who demurs?

Not I who write for certain ;  
if praise be due, one sure prefers  
that some such face as fresh as hers  
should come before the curtain.

And yet most strange to say, I find  
(e'en bards are sometimes prosy)  
Her presence here but brings to mind  
That undistinguished crowd behind  
for whom life's not so rosy.

The pleased young premier led her on,  
but where are all the others ?  
Where is that nimble servant John ?  
And where's the comic Uncle gone ?  
and where that best of mothers ?

Where is "Sir Lumley Leycester, Bart." ?  
And where the crafty Cousin ?  
that man may have a kindly heart.  
And yet each night ('tis in the part)  
must poison half a dozen !

Where is the cool Detective,—he  
should surely be applauded?

The Lawyer, who refused the fee?

The Wedding Guests (in number three)

Why are they all defrauded?

The men who worked the cataract?

The plush-clad carpet lifters?—

Where is that countless host, in fact,

Whose cue is not to speak, but act,—  
the “supers” and the shifters?

Think what a crowd whom none recall,

Unsung—unpraised,—unpitied;—

Women for whom no bouquets fall,

And men whose names no galleries bawl,—  
the Great un-Benefit-ed!

ah, Reader, ere you turn the page,

I leave you this for Moral:—

Remember those who tread Life's stage

With weary feet and scantest wage,

and ne'er a leaf for laurel!

## THE FORCED RECRUIT.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

### I.

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him.

he died with his face to you all;

Yet bury him here where around him

You honor your bravest.—that fall.

## 2.

Venetian.— fair featured and slender,  
    he lies shot to death in his youth,  
With a smile on his lips over tender  
    for any mere soldier's dead mouth.

## 3.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,  
    though alien the cloth on his breast,  
Underneath it how seldom a greater  
    Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

## 4.

By your enemy tortured and goaded  
    To march with them, stand in their file,  
His musket (see) never was loaded.  
    he facing your guns with that smile!

## 5.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,  
    He yearned to your patriot bands;—  
“ Let me die for our Italy, brothers,  
    If not in your ranks, by your hands!

## 6.

“ Aim straightly.— fire steadily! Spare me  
    A ball in the body which may  
Deliver my heart.— here, and tear me  
    This badge of the Austrian away.”

## 7.

So thought he.— so died he this morning.

what then? many others have died.

Ay, but easy for men to die scorning

The death-stroke, who fought side by side,

## 8.

One tricolor floating above them ;

Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims

Of an Italy rescued to love them

And blazon the brass with their names.

## 9.

but he,— without witness or honor,

Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,

With the tyrants who marched in upon her

Died faithful and passive : 'twas hard.

## 10.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction

Cut off from the guerdon of sons,

With most filial obedience, conviction,

his soul kissed the lips of her guns !

## 11.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,

While digging a grave for him here :

The others who died, says your poet,

Have glory,— let him have a tear.

*Solferino, 1859.*

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUDING REMARKS.

THE pupil may be inclined to ask whether the grammatical punctuation and the rhetorical can be assimilated ; so that he need not be compelled, in reading aloud, to follow an invisible guide and to disregard the visible. Apparently, no such desirable result is possible ; for grammar is fixed, cold and logical, while rhetoric is warm, often charged with passion, and will not be circumscribed. There is no limit, however, to mental activity ; and the pupil can acquire the habit, even in reading at sight, of constantly choosing the rhetorical points, and of mentally querying if the reading sounds natural,—or in accordance with the customs of colloquial intercourse. So, too, he can form the habit of destroying the commonest form of monotony by asking himself, after he has begun a few consecutive sentences on the same pitch, whether it would not be well, if only for the sake of variety, to begin the next sentence on a lowered pitch,—and just as he talks. Then he will see the propriety of using the

circumflex accent and discretionary pauses as they are employed in ordinary conversation. Lastly, he will perceive that the ability to read naturally is not a careless superficial matter, but a work of art; and an art, moreover, which is perfected only by the reader's efforts to assert his individuality. As said before, no two persons should be compelled to read the simplest sentence in precisely the same manner.

It may be a useful exercise for the pupil to copy the above remarks, inserting the fictitious punctuation suggested in this book.

How closely the reader, book in hand, or the platform reciter can be permitted to attempt personation, is a question that every one must answer for himself. Certainly every one should attempt, however, to draw the line between what he may venture upon in citizen's dress, and what he may do in the actor's costume, and with stage accessories. The most accomplished actors and actresses, who of course could take great liberty with the imagination of the audience, have drawn this line. Mr. Macready, the scholarly tragedian, used little gesture when he read the play of Hamlet from the desk. The same discretion is employed by Mr. Edwin Booth upon like occasions. Mrs. Kemble, an actress to the manner born, and reputed the best Shakespearian reader of this cen-



tury, was very sparing of histrionic demonstration when she had the book before her. At the close of this treatise I have endeavored to depict from memory the effect which she produced upon her hearers.

Again:—"M. Coquelin," says Mr. Brander Matthews, in a recent number of *Scribner's Magazine*, "is not only the first comedian of France, he is an unequalled reader and an incomparable reciter. On the platform of a lecture-room or in a parlor M. Coquelin never acts, holding that the art of the reader and the kindred art of the reciter have wholly different conditions from the art of the actor." This, be it observed, is said of a distinguished actor of a most finished school of expression—The Comédie Française.

Although we may not agree entirely with the comedian, it is certain that the reader or reciter can do little more than *suggest*, whereas the actor upon the stage, by the very conditions, can personate absolutely; and he has the sympathies of the audience in his favor.

So it seems that there is good reason for a certain unpopularity of the art of elocution. We can understand why the auditors grow restless and antagonistic when the gentleman in dress-coat and white neck-tie starts up suddenly with his questions about a dagger; why the young lady does not

enhance the effect of her recitation of the Bridge of Sighs by letting down her back-hair ; and why the matron who "searches for the slain " upon the parlor floor, wastes her energy in attempts to capture the imagination of her hearers and beholders. It is hard to get away from one's self ; so hard, indeed, that the accomplished actor of the day finds his range more and more limited by his growing appreciation of this fact. He is constrained to admit that his chief success is in the delineation of that particular character which comes nearest to his own recognized individuality.

The stage manager of the day turns a cold shoulder to the aspirant for fame who comes to him loaded with the endorsements of an accomplished elocutionist. Why? Does he underrate the study of the voice? Certainly not: but it may be that he would prefer such education, however limited, which is the result, mainly, of self development, rather than the teaching which is apt to end in mimicry.

Professional men, of every sort, have grown distrustful of methods not founded upon that principle of self-development. The divinity student, for example, dreads the usual course of vocal culture, although he knows that simple and impressive utterance proceeds from proper training of the

voice for the pulpit ; and that mechanical, monotonous, forced and unnatural styles of preaching are brought about by neglect. Not only is self-culture, in the main, practicable for him, but nothing less will ever satisfy the congregations. Better indeed, uncultured sincerity than borrowed expression.

Finally:—all these suggestions may become clearer to the pupil if he will but perceive that they are drawn from fixed conditions of Colloquial intercourse ; and that while applicable, therefore, to the art of reading aloud, they are equally pertinent to every kind of public speech. Why is it that the elocution of the stage has vastly improved within recent years ? Because the players have begun at last to heed the advice of Shakespeare. They have abolished the mouthing style, and, taking discretion for the tutor, dramatic heroes and heroines speak like men and women. Nor does this imply tameness, for the wise man said, “be not too tame, neither.” Does not the drama of every-day life exhibit all possible tones and gestures ?

Prejudices will disappear, difficulties will be overcome, and good habits be formed, when we accept as the true meaning of the word elocution that which Webster is obliged to characterize as “rare,” —“the power of expression by words,—expression of thought by speech.” Then there will be fewer

elocutionists who are admirable in private discourse but deplorable in public,—artistic in conversation but mechanical when they read from the book.

A REMINISCENCE OF MRS. KEMBLE'S  
READING OF JULIUS CÆSAR IN THE  
CITY OF ROME.

*(Republished from the Argonaut of March 1, 1880.)*

---

IN the year 1854 I chanced to be travelling in Italy. It was the spring-time,—Holy week just at hand,—and Rome had gathered together the usual assemblage; some urged by piety, as the devotees who had walked barefoot hundreds of miles for penance, and others actuated by no higher motive than curiosity.

A new excitement was added by the announcement that Mrs. Kemble was to read the play of Julius Cæsar. The world of art had received another and a successful aspirant, and to acknowledge her claims the sculptor flung aside his chisel and the painter hurried from his picture.

That night I joined the crowd in the Piazza di Spagna, anticipating unusual pleasure in hearing once more the mistress of elocution, and in a reading so appropriate to the place.

The hall was singularly unattractive. There was

nothing suggestive of the immediate outer world: no pictures, no statuary. But there was the reproduction of a scene made familiar to us in America: those naked walls, the rude platform, the simple desk, the volume made precious by the touch of Mrs. Siddons, and the majestic form of the last of the Kembles!

She opened the book with a kind of reverence, and as the music came from her lips, that strange and motley audience soon evinced the witchery of her art. The volatile Frenchman seemed to change nature with the grave Spaniard and the phlegmatic German, while here and there a dark Italian eye flashed like a gem, and muttered *bravas* gave other evidence of appreciation. Surely the Anglo-Saxon element was stirred to its very depth. The spirit of the great dramatist seemed to fill the room as if, by right of Roman and Venetian conquest, it claimed a part possession of the soil that had given birth to Dante.

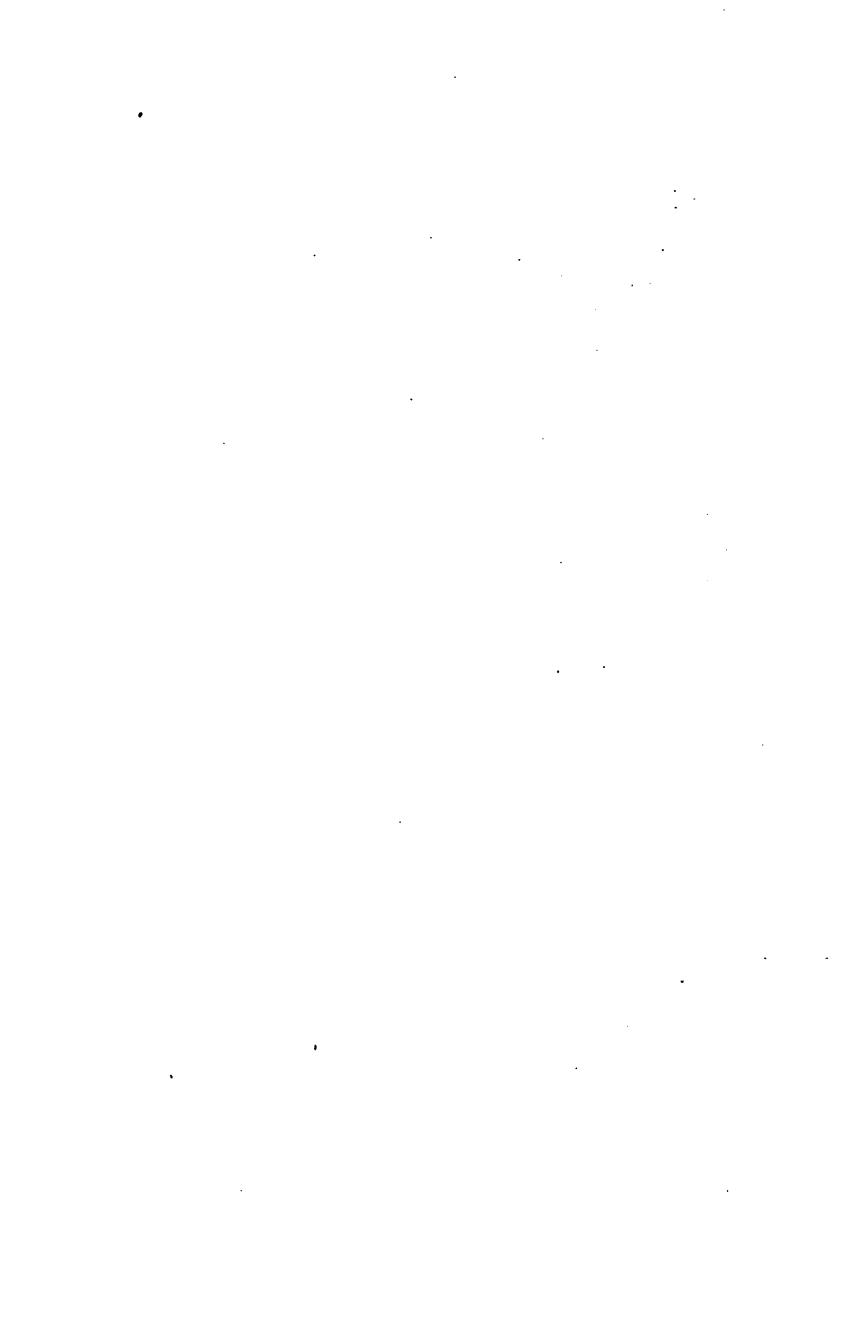
Here, too, was an evidence of the power of Mrs. Kemble's elocution over the imagination. We had wandered through the Forum and on the Capitol, passing broken column and ruined arch, and tried in vain to rebuild the past. The very ruin forbade re-action of the "lofty scene." But as our ears drew inspiration from the great reader, the centuries rolled

back. While the actors of the drama appeared strangely vivid and distinct, we *heard* the pathetic notes of the soothsayer, the grumbling of Roman discontent, the whispers of the lean and hungry Cassius, the patriotic voice of Brutus;—then the deep tones of conspiracy, the warnings of Calphurnia, the vaunts of Cæsar, and his dying groan.











THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY  
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

[illegible]



